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The Week

THE BROAD GULF which divides British from French policy was once more emphasized by Poincaré's speech at Villers-Cotterets. Twenty-four hours earlier he had received the British note which, according to the newspaper forecasts of its contents, again asked for a committee of experts to fix Germany's power to pay, and appealed for a moderate and conciliatory policy. Poincaré's reply was to accuse Germany of pretending ruin in order to trap the Allies into releasing her, after which she would resume the war for supremacy in world trade. He also abused Lloyd George in terms of extraordinary bitterness for having pointed out what all sensible men know, that the policy of France is leading only to chaos. The inspired French press continues to harp on the same two strings: no committee of experts, and the abandonment of passive resistance before Germany is even to be allowed to hear the terms of her fate. The decision again rests with the Baldwin government, as it did before the latest note was written. Shall England sit by and permit Germany to be dismembered? And if not, how is she to prevent it?

THE PROPOSED BRITISH naval base at Singapore, the break in the Tangier Conference, Irish developments and the Lausanne Conference furnish the important minor happenings in the week's foreign news. The House of Commons has voted for the base at Singapore, which has already caused a crisis in the Netherlands Cabinet and has brought from Count Uchida, the Japanese foreign minister, the statement that he regards the suggestion as hostile to the spirit of the Washington Conference. Ireland will send a strong delegation to the September meeting of the League of Nations Assembly, at which it is expected her application for membership will be accepted. The Free State has proposed a commission to settle the Ulster boundary, to which Premier Craig replies that his government will not cooperate in any way. De Valera wants $100,000 from America with which to contest the forthcoming elections. Russia agrees to sign the Straits convention at Lausanne, and makes the announcement, of interest to American farmers, that she will export large amounts of grain, perhaps 2,500,000 or 3,000,000 tons, this year. Five Egyptians charged with plotting the assassination of Englishmen have received death sentences as the British military court at Cairo winds up its career.

THE ELECTION OF Magnus Johnson to the Senate overshadows all other news in the United States this week. The Eastern press suddenly discovers portents of a new populist movement, already so radical that it repudiates the more orthodox members of the farm bloc in Congress; and politicians are running back and forth busily engaged in saving the Republican party or insuring its ruin as the case may be. The price of wheat remains below $1, the result, so Senator Ladd avers, of a conspiracy of grain men, annoyed because the Supreme Court upheld the federal statute prohibiting gambling. If this be true, the country may well tremble at the possible revenge which will be sought if Samuel Untermyer is successful in getting his law through Congress controlling all brokers and stock exchanges. Senator Brookhart

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demands a special session of Congress to solve the farmers' problems, and other voices are raised in support of a special session in order to get the recent recommendations of the Coal Commission enacted into law. President Harding has let it be known rather clearly there will be no special session.

SECRETARY HUGHES'S new statement on Russia, the conference of the Women's Party and prohibition developments are the other important points in the week's domestic news. William H. Anderson of the Anti-Saloon League has been indicted, and a solemn edict has gone forth that home-made cider must not be allowed to ferment —a ruling which comes as close to suspending the laws of nature as we are likely ever to get. A group of Negro leaders has demanded political equality, at the moment when a Georgia grand jury recommends the restoration of flogging in the prisons "in moderation," and an escaped convict offers convincing evidence, in the form of welts and bruises, that its abolition was in theory only. The Ku Klux Klan, having run afoul of the law in New York because of allegations that it had filed falsified papers with the state authorities, shows it is not averse to the use of strictly legal methods on its own account by asking an injunction against Hearst's Magazine to prevent the publication of documents taken, it declares, from its files. The Railroad Labor Board has again come to an open break with a road, this time the Erie. It declares that that organization is liable for suit for back pay by a large number of its employees whose compensation was reduced in defiance of an order by the Board.

IN RESPONSE TO MR. GOMPERS'S leading questions Mr. Hughes reaffirms his detestation of the Soviet régime. He repeats the charges that free speech and other civil liberties have been denied by the Soviet government, that every form of political opposition has been ruthlessly exterminated, that capitalistic property was destroyed and that labor was requisitioned. All these charges can of course be substantiated. If Mr. Hughes were a professional historian instead of a lawyer, he would have felt himself compelled to make certain allowances for the fact that in the period of its excesses the Soviet government was at war with enemies within its borders as well as with foreign states, and that in such circumstances civil liberty and political opposition usually receive scant consideration in any state. Domestic opposition to our own war policy was negligible. Yet we felt ourselves justified in suppressing free speech and crushing every form of genuine political opposition to our war aims. We had our "work or fight" laws. We seized the property of our enemies about as ruthlessly as the Bolsheviki confiscated the property of the bourgeoisie, their enemies. The Russian pot is undeniably black; but our own kettle ought to take a squint at the mirror.

YET SECRETARY HUGHES'S position is by no means so reactionary as it was formerly. "We recognize the right of revolution," he declares, "and we do not attempt to determine the internal concerns of other States." Further, he admits by implication that the Soviet government might be recognized without doffing its essential character of dictatorship by a minority. Our government "has never insisted that the will of the people of a foreign state may not be manifested by long continued acquiescence in a régime actually functioning as a government." It looks as if the Soviet government will sooner or later meet this condition. There is no suggestion in Mr. Hughes's present letter that the Soviet government must restore private property as an internal system, before we can recognize Russia. But he does insist that the property of Americans, lawfully acquired, shall be secure against seizure and that lawful claims of American citizens against Russia shall be acknowledged. He insists also that the Soviet government must stop plotting revolution against other states. Those are reasonable requirements. They are requirements the Soviet government should have met on its own initiative.

IT MAY BE TAKEN FOR GRANTED that anyone assuming the post of governor of the Philippines will have his work cut out for him. The intelligent Filipinos are almost a unit in wanting complete independence, and they regard the representative of the United States with the legitimate resentment felt by any people toward the dictator imposed on them by force by a superior power. Even when this allowance has been made, however, it is apparent that General Leonard Wood has destroyed his usefulness as governor of the Philippines. His action in reinstating Roy Conley, United States Secret Service agent charged with bribery, has resulted in the resignation of the Council of State and the Cabinet. By his refusal to remit the drastic penalties imposed on delinquent tax payers he has earned the hearty ill-will of those cities which, because of invasions by locusts and damage resulting from typhoons, believe they were entitled to special treatment. Stories are also rife regarding the torture of Moros by members of the Philippine Constabulary. Manuel Quezon, long a leader in the fight for independence, is expected to visit the United States and make an appeal to President Harding for justice. He will bring with him a unanimous resolution of both houses of the legislature asking that General Wood be recalled at once. That this will be done, or that justice will be granted the

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Filipinos in general, is not likely; yet the visit should be useful in helping to air all the facts in a situation which compromises us in the eyes of the whole world.

IT IS DEPLORABLE that our State Department should have its motives so perennially, so unjustly, misunderstood. It has just issued a long statement explaining that it has never promised "moral or political support" to the holders of the Chester grant. To those who know our innocent and simple-minded government at first hand, this is entirely possible; but how is one to convince the sophisticated chancellories of Europe that it is true? Europe has just seen an agreement consummated with the Turks at Lausanne after arduous months of haggling; and it has seen that agreement torn up with its ink yet wet because America refused to accept it. Why did America refuse? Because pre-war grants to English and French interests were confirmed which conflicted in part with the recent concessions to Admiral Chester and his associates. The State Department knows, and all Americans know, that Minister Grew labored in behalf of a sacred principle: the principle of the open door. If no Chester grant existed, he would still have done the same. But how are we to make cynical Europe believe a truth so foreign to its own ideals?

POINCARÉ'S SPEECH at Villers-Cotterets presents faint hope of a practical settlement of the Ruhr question. The burden of his discourse was that since Germany tried deliberately to destroy French industry during the war, France is justified in destroying German industry now. To fix reparations now according to Germany's capacity to pay would allow Germany to escape from the conqueror's hands. The proposal is a German trap. We may infer from this how slender the chances are that the British proposals, now in Poincaré's hands, will receive serious consideration from the French. What the British are seeking is a plan by which the maximum reparations payments may be secured from Germany. The industrial recovery of Germany is a necessary means to that end. What the French are seeking is the permanent crippling of Germany, politically and economically. They have treated reparations simply as a means of holding Germany down. Between the two policies there can be no really satisfactory compromise.

AMERICANS WHO REALLY WANT facts, instead of propaganda, bearing on the difficult questions of what Germany has paid and what she can pay at present and in the near future, will find much illumination in the forthcoming report on Germany's capacity to pay, prepared by the Institute of Economics under the editorship of Harold G. Moulton and C. E. Maguire. This report embodies the results of the most thoroughgoing study that has yet been made in this country or in any other. The economists collaborating in its compilation are some of the most competent in America, and the ample resources of the Institute have given them every opportunity to collect and sift the available material. The report will have to be accepted as authoritative, so far as trained and honest scholarship can produce authoritative results.

SOME OF THE CONCLUSIONS of the inquiry are already accessible through advance notices. One of them which will surprise most readers of the press is that the values surrendered by Germany in fulfillment of the Treaty have amounted to $5,180,000,000, if estimated at their worth to Germany. Another conclusion that runs counter to the current of post-war propaganda is that the Germans are heavily taxed—more heavily than any other people except the British. There is less novelty in the conclusion that Germany can pay practically nothing toward reparations now or in the near future, and never will be able to pay much until she is permitted to regain her pre-war standing in industry and foreign commerce. Almost every one who cared to look the facts in the face had arrived at a similar conclusion months or years ago.

BY IMPLICATION THIS REPORT, like every other scientific study of the economic consequences of the Treaty of Versailles, brings a heavy indictment against the victorious Allies. It was a false peace they made, a peace under which they could carry on indefinitely the economic war against a civil population. In their reparations demands the Allies have been exacting the impossible, since the beginning, and are still inflicting penalties because the impossible has not been done. Under the pretense that Germany has deliberately evaded payment they are thrusting her deeper and deeper into the abyss of hopeless poverty. They have Germany down; they can throttle her if they wish, and apparently they wish to do it. History might conceivably justify the undertaking, as history has justified our virtual extermination of the American Indians. But history will never justify the sickening hypocrisy with which the conquerors have sought to clothe their naked violence.

THE PAST WEEK HAS BEEN a melancholy one for the friends of prohibition. Lord Dawson, the King's physician, has made a statement that alcohol in moderation is useful in easing the strain caused by the pace at which we live. William H. Anderson of the Anti-Saloon League has been indicted for forgery and theft. Dr. S. D. Hubbard, director of Public Health Education for the New York City Department of Health, declares that

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prohibition is a failure as judged by the number of deaths from alcoholism, the hospital treatment of drunkards, and the mortality from wood alcohol.

DR. HUBBARD'S OWN FIGURES, however, hardly bear out his own gloomy words. He shows a total of 257 deaths from alcoholism, wood alcoholism and acute alcoholic poisoning in New York City in 1918, the last year before prohibition, and 295 deaths in 1922. But 1918 was a year when millions of young men were in the army, and the rest of the country was on its best behavior. For the seven previous years the smallest annual number of deaths was 565, in 1915, and the annual average was 625, more than twice the total for Dr. Hubbard's horrendous example, 1922. His records show 5,710 alcoholic cases in 29 hospitals in 1918, and 6,869 in 1922; but he discreetly suppresses the number prior to 1918. On the basis of the deaths from alcoholism, they should have averaged above 10,000 cases a year.

DR. HUBBARD PROFESSES great alarm because of the increase in both deaths and hospital admissions in 1922 as compared with 1919, 1920 and 1921; but no one should be surprised at this simple and natural phenomenon. During the early years of prohibition large private stocks of legitimately purchased liquor were being consumed. Large additional stocks were being smuggled out of warehouses. It is only reasonable to suppose that in the three-year interval these stocks have been largely exhausted. The new liquor which is at present being consumed is inferior in quality and will result in a higher record of fatalities. That even under these circumstances the wettest city in the United States should still produce less than half the fatalities of any typical pre-prohibition year is an extraordinary fact.

THE TRUTH OF THE PROHIBITION business seems to be that as to quantity of liquor consumed, the law is being observed as well as we had any right to expect. In that substantial majority of all the states which had already gone dry through state-wide legislation prior to 1918 it is being enforced effectively. In the states where the liquor interests were most firmly entrenched, disregard of the law is seemingly universal though there is good reason to believe that even here the amount of drinking is on the whole far smaller than in pre-prohibition days. The real and continuing problem is the attitude which is induced toward law enforcement in general, and the attendant hypocrisy.

SENATOR MOSES IS PAINED by the discovery that the farmers of the Northwest, exasperated by the drop in wheat to less than pre-war prices, are demanding government price control through the purchase and storing of surplus wheat. "But I told them nothing can be done to overcome the economic laws." That is what the Moseses of a hundred years ago used to tell the audacious labor unions which undertook to raise the price of labor. The Moseses have always been stronger on moral than on economic law. It would be entirely feasible to raise the price of wheat to a dollar and a half a bushel if the United States treasury can stand the loss on two hundred million bushels dumped overseas at a dollar a bushel. Not economic law, but financial expediency, stands between the farmer and a living price for his wheat. And the question of financial expediency will have to be considered seriously by the party in power unless it wishes to lose the whole Northwest in the next election.

ONE BY ONE the occupational caste-barriers are falling. They began to crack a quarter of a century ago when it came to be generally known that in many of the manufacturing industries promotion to the highest executive positions sought out the manual rather than the clerical personnel. Schwab and Corey in the steel industry afforded examples big enough for anyone to see. Next we had an epidemic of school teachers, preachers, doctors, transformed into house painters, carpenters, blacksmiths. The barrier between the white collar and the overalls still held firm, however, in the commercial cities. That, too, is yielding now. Twelve dollars a day in the building trades makes even the soft palms of the silk counter clerk itch intolerably. Among the apprentices now being taken on by the bricklayers are a great many "white collar boys." One is justified in looking forward to a healthier and happier generation which has wholly discarded the mediaeval notion that there is something servile in manual labor.

THE RELATIONS BETWEEN white and Negro in the South, always difficult and dangerous, have seldom been muddled more deplorably than in the quarrel over the veterans' hospital at Tuskegee. This hospital, erected for disabled colored soldiers by the federal government, requires a large staff, which will be well paid as hospital employees go; and a bitter dispute has arisen as to whether its personnel shall be white or colored—a dispute so acrimonious that it is believed the hospital could now only be operated with Negro doctors under the protection of federal troops, and the whole enterprise may be abandoned. While it must be said that the arguments against a Negro personnel are too ridiculous to be worth attention, the colored race would have been well advised not to press the point to the

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degree it has; for the passion of racial hatred has flared up to an extent which the Negro will have good cause to regret bitterly.

THE STRIKE OF a large number of shoe workers in the Brockton district is a significant development of the summer in the history of labor. These men were members of the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union affiliated with the A. F. of L. Believing that they were being betrayed by their officers, and that the organization was merely the agent of the big shoe manufacturers, they revolted, repudiated the contracts signed by their old officers and formed a new union of the Brockton District Shoe Workers. Their demands are: recognition of their new union; restoration of the wage scale in force before the reduction; speedy adjustment of future disputes through a local board of arbitration; and the right to strike. The manufacturers declare that they will not take back any strikers until they are all reinstated by the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union. It is unnecessary to point out that this is essentially the same situation in the shoe industry as the one from which the Amalgamated arose in the needle trades.

UNDER THE CONTRACT signed by the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union with the manufacturers the operatives were forbidden to strike, and bound to accept the award of the State Board of Conciliation and Arbitration. This Board consists of three members, a lawyer, an ex-shoe manufacturer, and a former labor organizer, seventy-three years old. This board reduced the wages of most shoe workers by ten percent, which brought on the strike. The phenomena of the strike bear a close resemblance to those of the strikes at Lawrence, Massachusetts. The police behave like Cossacks, attacking with shocking violence strikers engaged in peaceful picketing or parading. Indiscriminate arrests follow. Mayor Frank A. Manning has shown himself a loyal supporter of the Constitution by forbidding mass meetings. The strikers, having left their union, are naturally without union funds and are urgently in need of relief, which the public should be generous in granting.

ONE BILLION DOLLARS a year are spent in business bribes, according to Howard R. Heydon, president of the Commercial Standards Council. We do not know where President Heydon gets his figures. But we imagine that they are fairly conservative. They are worth bearing in mind when we encounter the next panegyric of private business. Public business is honeycombed with graft, but private business, it is endlessly repeated, is pure. That, however, is nonsense. The most that can be made of the contrast is that graft in private undertakings is private business while graft in government undertakings is public business. The difference is immense, no doubt, in political theory. It is of small relevance to the unprivileged citizen, who is beaten with stripes and robbed by public and private grafters alike.

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE proofs of the subsidence of the Red hysteria is offered by a letter of Ralph M. Easley to the New York Times, July 20th. In commenting on the Minnesota election Mr. Easley makes the sensible observation that Moscow and the American Communists had nothing whatever to do with the result. The total number of Communists in America, according to their own statements, is 15,000, aliens and citizens together. Mr. Easley estimates that only 1,000 of them are citizens. Accordingly, the announcement that the Minnesota Communists would vote for Magnus Johnson was, Mr. Easley says, "simply a piece of cheap advertising on their part which many non-Communist writers seem to be taking very seriously." We wonder how Mr. Easley is going to square himself with Mr. Condé Pallen and Mr. W. J. Burns, whose whole business in life is to awaken the American conservative elephant to the terrible menace of the Red mouse. Those gentlemen put the New Republic on the Index Expurgatorius for exactly the same offence that Mr. Easley has now committed, the exhibition of common sense. If Mr. Easley is to suffer the same fate, we offer him the comforting assurance that it isn't very painful.

"Perfidious Albion"

NATIONS, as we know them in Europe, their natural habitat, have never been distinguished by lofty morals. They have all exhibited brutality, cupidity, treachery at some point in their history. But as among men, all sinners, one stands out by reputation as especially typifying a particular vice, so it is among nations. For centuries Prussia has been regarded as the type of national brutality, Russia of insatiate greed, France of craft and low scheming. There is no national vice, however, more firmly fixed in the traditions of its neighbors than the perfidy of England. She strikes an eternal partnership with you today, but tomorrow she is hobnobbing with your enemy and the next day she may even take up arms in his behalf.

She fought on the side of the French yesterday. Today she is pleading Germany's cause. Tomorrow? It is not strange that the phrase "perfidious Albion," which had fallen into disuse during the war, has now returned to currency in France. What English policy is aiming at, as the Parisian

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plot-hunters see it, has been set forth with great ingenuity by the Temps.

The British seek to dominate the continent. They wish to have the nations of Europe still more hostile to one another. They would like to see France ruin Germany and be ruined herself in the process. Therefore they egg Germany on to a hopeless resistance, instead of advising and helping to enforce the complete submission which is Germany's only salvation. The French and Germans ought to get together, form an Entente, and teach the Britons that their hope of domination is vain.

One may smile at the pretty conceit that the French are the true friends of Germany, and that the British, in opposing the continued occupation of the Ruhr, are plotting to alienate the Germans from the French, to the ruin of both. That would be like alienating the ox from the butcher, to the lasting injury of the ox. Let us grant, however, for the sake of the argument, that Albion is as perfidious as French tradition makes her, and that she is in a position to dictate not German policy, for that must be merely passive, but French policy. Grant, too, that she looks beyond the immediate economic and political situation to that of a half-century ahead. What other policy would she dictate than the one France is now pursuing?

At the close of the war two main courses of action lay open to France. The one was to drag Western Europe back to the conditions which existed at the time of Louis XIV, when French greatness was assured by the weakness and misery of the states east of the Rhine. The other was to seek a twentieth century solution through international cooperation. By virtue of the indemnity and of her possession of ore deposits vital to German industry France was in a position to compel German cooperation. Polish cooperation was assured by Poland's desperate need of a military protector. Austrian and Czecho-Slovakian cooperation were to be had for the asking. By geography and natural resources this group of states is admirably fitted for organization into an economic unit. The heavy industries of Germany would supplement effectively the finer industries of France; Polish agriculture needs the German market and needs German machinery; Czecho-Slovakia and Austria need each other's help if either is to prosper. Bound together in a stable peace this group of states would make one of the most powerful economic and commercial units in the world.

That was one course. The other consisted in reducing Central Europe to chaos; crushing Germany and breaking it up, if possible, setting Poland against the remnants, setting Czecho-Slovakia against Austria, checking the economic and commercial development of Central Europe by a reversion to early modern mercantilism. That is the course France has followed. To whose gain, in the long run? That of France or that of England?

We hear a great deal about the economic distress in England resulting from the disorders in Central Europe. That distress is real, as real as the distress produced a century earlier by the wars of Napoleon and the Continental blockade. England met the difficulty then by establishing new commercial relations in America, Asia, Africa. She can meet the present difficulty in the same way, if she must. The possibilities of trade development in the French colonies, in Russia, the Orient, Africa and South America are practically unlimited. And French policy assures the British freedom from serious competition on the part of any European country.

England can recover her prosperity and grow immensely in wealth and power through the next half-century, if the French maintain their private chaos in Central Europe. Russia can find herself economically and develop the colossal energies released by the Revolution. France can at best hold her own, with all her diplomatic and military resources mortgaged to keeping down the perennial movement for reunion east of the Rhine.

France has chosen to play what must be in the long run a losing game. There is no profit in it even while it is played with apparent success, and in the end the whole structure of French influence must break down under the growing might of England and Russia. If the statesmen of France were mere marionettes operated by strings from London, would they not act exactly as they are now acting? The hypothesis is fantastic, of course. The fatuousness and mediaevalism of French policy have their own sufficient nationalistic explanation, but the time will no doubt come when even clever historians will ascribe them to the machinations of "perfidious Albion."

Loyalties and Progress

IN a recent issue the New Republic commented editorially on the fact that the seekers after world peace themselves continue to be dominated by the war psychology which they would obliterate. Their common enemy is so powerful that there is only a bare chance of victory. Yet instead of joining forces, they fritter away their energy by quarreling among themselves; and each group insists that if salvation is not reached by its particular road, it shall not be reached at all.

On another page of this issue we publish a letter which expresses this point of view so characteristically that we feel detailed comment is needless.

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Its writer makes what we believe to be a common and typical error, in assuming that once the best way to end war has been discovered the battle is, if not practically won, at least half over. He takes it for granted that any one who believes the League of Nations is a useful instrument for developing amity among the nations "stands for the status quo, with its intrigue, its bloodshed, its subjection of smaller nations to the imperialistic designs of the larger, more powerful countries." The only objection to this characterization is that, as everyone who knows these individuals is aware, it simply is not true. Mr. Rohman proposes as a substitute for the League a plan which is simple, ingenious, clear-cut. We have no objection to it. We sincerely hope that his colleagues and himself will continue to agitate for it and that their efforts will be crowned with success. But if they suppose that every other type of activity on behalf of peace will be suspended in order to give this group a clear field; if Mr. Rohman imagines that the devotees of other methods are not just as passionately partisan as himself; if he supposes that out of a clear sky, without any preliminary development of favorable opinion, the rulers of the leading nations will by a sudden voluntary act turn their backs on the policies nations have pursued throughout all history and adopt a course which will not improbably put their own lives in jeopardy, then we submit that his theories are fantastically out of touch with the simplest facts of human nature.

The aspect of this subject which amply justifies additional exploration is the problem of human loyalties. Every thoughtful student of human affairs must have noticed again and again how deep-seated is the craving for partisanship, for loyal adherence to a group. It is a common phenomenon for participants in any sort of organized effort to lose sight of the end in passionate devotion to the means. Nothing is more unchristian than the bitter hatred often exhibited by the various religious sects toward one another. It is well known that during the late war there was more genuine animosity displayed among the Allied soldiers, and particularly the Allied officers, toward one another than was displayed by any of them toward the Germans. It is a shrewd recognition of this truth which gives rise to the popular feeling when emotions are aroused in any controversy that "he who is not with us is against us." It is as true today as it was in 1918 that if you are not pro-French it is taken for granted that you must be pro-German. Whoever seeks to point out that all empires behave despicably most of the time, that there is and has been moral turpitude on both sides of the Rhine, is damned as a straddler—unless, indeed, his statement is taken to signify merely that he is displaying loyalty to another type of organized effort—Socialism or Communism.

That this dominant and deep-rooted instinct for group loyalty can do great harm, of course goes without saying. It can also be of the highest value when turned into useful channels. Patriotism is a legitimate and desirable emotion as long as it seeks outlet through the channels of pride in the achievements of one's countrymen; it only becomes harmful when expressed in terms of "my country right or wrong" and a demand that the world shall be ruled by people who speak our tongue or whose hair and eyes are the same color as our own. It seems to the New Republic that the zeal of some of the advocates of various roads to peace may fairly be described as belonging in the latter and undesirable category. To assume that your own group has all the intelligence and all the morality on its side and that the members of every other group are at the same time incredibly ignorant and incredibly malevolent, is a view of the world far too naïve to pass muster nowadays. If peace is to be secured, if western civilization is not to perish in a welter of self-destruction, the best brains and the broadest vision in the world today must be brought to bear upon this all-important problem. When this is done, we believe it will be seen that the essential preliminary is to make the people of the world sincerely want peace; that all possible agencies for the adjudication of international disputes and the appeasement of national jealousy and suspicion may well be utilized simultaneously. If we ever get so far, we will look back with amazement upon the incredible unsophistication of a day when it was supposed that the world could be made over with a formula. And unless we get so far, we shall get nowhere.

Immigration and Labor Shortage

TWO months ago various captains of industry were assailing the restrictions on immigration as a bar to the nation's prosperity. It was said that a terrific labor shortage was in sight, and that unless immigrant labor should become available production would be so limited as to be insufficient to supply the demand for goods.

Today all informed economic observers are fearful lest the demand for goods may not keep pace with the nation's productive capacity. While retail trade is still brisk, wholesale buying has declined, and forward orders for steel and other basic commodities are rapidly falling off. Is the market sufficiently active to sustain the recent high levels of productivity? This is now the dominant question.

Suppose the immigration gate had been wide

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open, and the industrial centres had been flooded with refugees from tortured Europe, eager to accept work at any price. Production might, for a limited period, have reached even a higher rate than it did. Wages might not have risen as much as they have. That would have meant lower purchasing power of wage-earners, and less activity in retail trade. Market conditions, reflecting the demand for products, would at any rate have been no better than they are now. More commodities would have been made and stored. A crisis would have been more imminent than it is. And accompanying it would have been a menacing threat of large unemployment. It is difficult to see who would have profited from such a situation. Certainly neither the immigrants nor the native wage-earners.

The most obvious economic fact about the problem of labor shortage is that, in an industrial order characterized by the business cycle, it cannot be separated from the problem of labor surplus. With the swings up and down of production and employment, how large a labor supply should we have? Enough to meet all demands of employers when activity is at the peak? Common sense would answer that this would merely intensify the evils of unemployment when they arrive. Perhaps in the past we have been too close to that situation for economic health. If we could somehow hit the normal or mean of the cycle, and confine the labor supply to the demands of that point, the consequent limitation of boom production might tend to do away with slumps and periods of low production. It might be even more effective in smoothing out the cycle than adjusting the interest rate on short-time loans—a measure now in much favor with economists. This question must be investigated before we can speak intelligently about labor shortage and its relation to immigration.

The whole implications of the concept of labor shortage should also be the subject of research. When employers and many economists speak of labor they think of the wage-earner merely as a factor in production. They overlook the fact that he is also one of the chief elements of the consuming public. When we add a man-unit to production, we also add a man-unit to consumption. The relation to each other of these two units is crucial in this problem. If they were equal—that is, if every new laborer added to consumption the equivalent of what he adds to production, the enlargement of the labor supply would, within limits, be a matter of economic indifference to everyone. So long as natural resources held out in abundance, and the limits of plant and machinery were not reached, the enlargement of the labor supply would not increase or decrease anyone's income—it would merely mean two more hands to feed one more mouth. The units of production and consumption, however, are not equal in a machine civilization—particularly a capitalist order. The addition of a given labor power results in more production than is immediately required to sustain the wage-earners who apply it and their families. The surplus goes into the income of capitalists and owners of natural resources. Some of it is consumed by them, and some—the larger part—is devoted to enlarging productive plant and developing new types of "services." There is, therefore, a complex of questions which must be answered before we can analyze the result of increasing the labor supply in any given situation. Does not the normal growth of population furnish sufficient labor to sustain itself? If not, why not? How would an excess of workers from abroad affect the wage-earners' purchasing power? How much would the increase of labor power add to the surplus? How much of the additional surplus would be consumed by the propertied classes? Is industry over-equipped or under-equipped for the immediately prospective consumers' demand? Is the rate of capital accumulation properly adjusted to the rate of growth of consumers' purchasing power? What part is played by the increase of unit productivity through technical progress? If sufficient labor were not available, could not capital beneficially substitute for it better machine processes? How soon shall we reach the point of diminishing returns from the natural resources available? Other things being equal, how will increasing the density of population affect human happiness and welfare?

These questions are intricate and difficult, and others even more difficult might be added to them. They cannot be answered without careful research; some of them perhaps cannot be answered at all. Their mere statement shows that the economic problems associated with immigration cannot be solved by glib statements of interested parties. Doubtless the immigration law can be so modified as to be more humane to the immigrants, but there seems to be as yet no sound reason for concluding that the economic life of the nation is suffering through lack of immigration.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Magnus at Home

As the news came over the wires that Magnus Johnson, "dirt farmer," had carried Minnesota, and as this early total became forty thousand, then sixty thousand, then at last over ninety thousand—an absolute majority of all the votes—dismayed Republican heads gathered and whispered together in something like panic.

The country began to hum with reports that this smack right between the eyes of the administration, this foretaste of defeat and urgent invitation to do something about it was causing Republican leaders to consider ways and means of deposing Harding as the next candidate: because so much emphasis was placed on the election as a rebuke and a thermometer in the mouth of an electorate plainly boiling mad; because of the overwhelmingly obvious proof that the farmer would not stand for things like dollar wheat and wanted a complete redeal; because of the encouragement the landslide gave to people who believe in the possible success of a third party.

The personality of Magnus Johnson himself was not very clear. The newspapers shouted to everyone that he was a plain dirt farmer, that he was radical, that he spoke garbled English with a Swedish accent and had promised his constituents that he would not take a dress-suit to Washington nor ever wear one there. This was about all we learned and the editorial writers played in all keys from the humorous to the righteously indignant upon the theme that an uneducated man who had not yet even graduated from the soil and could not speak a language originating in Great Britain with a respectably American intonation was to take his seat among dignified lawmakers who had always been first in the spelling bee. Reporters who might have been fairer if they had seen the Punch cartoons of Lincoln in the early years of the Civil War made fun of his many slips of speech and pinned the dictionary on him as if politics were poker and the dictionary its Hoyle. They put into his mouth remarks like "I don't give a damn for books." They took pains to quote him literally, syllable by syllable, which they never take in reporting the speeches of someone else against whom the charge of illiteracy cannot be brought with profit. The feeling uppermost in the minds of people who regard his election as a calamity was well expressed by Senator Moses when he said: "If Magnus Johnson goes to the Senate there'll be another vacancy in it. When Lodge hears him speak he'll drop dead."

While Johnson's election is largely the protest of farmers who have been pretty nearly ruined by present economic conditions, it is also the reward of the last six or eight years of organization and education by the Nonpartisan League and the more recent efforts to effect an alliance with labor, to the success of which there is good testimony in the fact that in Minneapolis the vote was practically a tie. But in taking account of these two causes one must not neglect the factor of Johnson's own personality. If it is true that in all probability any reasonably good Farmer-Labor candidate could have defeated Governor Preus, if only because the latter was a regular Republican, it is also true that it would have been hard for anyone but Magnus Johnson to have piled up so huge a majority over both the opposing candidates. For Magnus Johnson is well known to Minnesota farmers and has represented them in politics for a number of years.

Here in brief outline is his history, in its essential features quite typical of the young Scandinavian immigrant who settles in the Northwest. He was born in Sweden fifty-two years ago and went to school until he was twelve. During his vacations he worked on a steamer in the Baltic coastwise trade, of which his father was captain. He worked as a bottle blower and was a full fledged glass blower at sixteen. After the death of his parents he came to this country, being then twenty. At first he worked in the winter in Minnesota lumber camps and in the summer in lumber yards—which days are still with him, for on one of his shoulders is a large callous lump, worn by carrying heavy boards. With the savings earned at this work he bought forty acres of land in Rucker County at fifteen dollars an acre. Later—you can tell how much later by the increase in price—he bought a hundred acres more at seventy-five dollars. Now he rents twenty acres more which gives him just a quarter of a square mile of land. Some of this is under crops but most of it is pasture for the twenty-four cows he milks every day. "I haven't much of a home," he says, "but a good barn." It cost him seven thousand dollars.

His first wife, who died, was Swedish. His second wife, an American, bore him six children all of whom work on the farm. They have to, for Johnson has been away from it a good deal in late years. Public life began to edge in on private when he became a Justice of the Peace in 1900. He was also Township Assessor and Clerk of the School Board. In 1914 he was elected to the state legislature and in 1918 to the Senate on the Nonpartisan ticket. Last year he was defeated as Farmer-Labor candidate for Governor by the same Governor Preus over whom he is now so

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overwhelmingly victorious. Minnesota knows well by now this big, collarless figure and his big friendly emphatic way of speech.

The Minnesota farmers like him because he is no more and no less than one of them, because he knows as they do hard work often gets them nowhere, because he has the same kind of farm as theirs. Upon the rhetorical lips of senators who could turn on the old records about honest toil and the noble American farmer in their sleep and who must be looking forward to a comfortable laugh at the expense of Magnus Johnson, the smooth worn phrase "dignity of labor" might regain some of its original meaning if they could see Magnus Johnson's farm with the bitter hard work of years written all over it. You must see that farm to understand him—and lots of other things too.

Sixty or seventy miles from Minneapolis, past little towns about the size and temper of Gopher Prairie, through rolling, featureless, almost pretty country with rectangular roads laid out along the sections and quarter sections, with what in the East would not be called hills, fringed by the bright straw color of ready grain, you come at last to a mail box stuck by the road on a long elbow of pipe. Up a little roadway between trees looms an enormous beautiful barn with a Gothic-arched roof. Sheds on the left, a well and pump. A very small and not at all beautiful house. Under a tree a heifer is tethered; by the barn stand some mowers and cultivators, a hay wagon, a Ford car. Cows in the background and standing grain. A woodpile bearing witness to huge industry. The useful unadorned miscellany of a regular farm-yard with its close, lumpy, anonymous grass—not lawn—and bare patches of ground, printed all over with the countless busy tracks of men, children, cattle, dogs and chickens. In this yard two tanned boys in blue overalls are playing ball. Near the barn we meet some more children and Mrs. Johnson and a newspaper photographer and a friendly dog.

One of us asks Mrs. Johnson how she likes the idea of going to Washington, and she answers only with the slow, puzzled smile of one who might be thinking much more of what would happen to the farm than of Washington.

The two little girls have climbed into the Ford and are pretending to make it go. Magnus Johnson comes out slowly from the house to meet us. A broad straw hat and blue overalls which are not so blue as they once were, and not so much overalls as merely the clothes you spend most of your life in. He greets us in as simple and friendly a way as one human being should another and no more. There are no politics on this farm.

Mayor Hylan has brought to our attention the existence of art artists. Well, here is a farm farmer. It is the open, hearty, yet patient face of a man who has seen crops go right and crops go wrong and cattle born and cattle die, who enjoys life and accepts the fact that it is pretty steady uphill work. His hearty deep voice fills without effort the whole farmyard. While I am playing ball with Victor and Magnus Junior I can hear it easily as he sits on the grass by the barn talking with the others. Even if there are a number of J's pronounced as Y's; even if there are a lot of words pronounced and expressions used which we do not use who have sharpened as many pencils as other people have milked cows, one does not think very long of Magnus Johnson's accent nor grammar. These sink into trifles beside an inescapable warmth and honesty in the man who is using them.

Here is a man who is behaving now just as he would if he had not been elected United States Senator and if we were not here to pry curiously into his affairs and find out if we can exactly what kind of public man this private farmer ill become.

For him the afternoon is a tangle of private and public matters. He is photographed harnessing a horse, he talks to us about the election, to his son about the mowing. "That can wait till tomorrow, or what do you think, Francis?" He confers with one of his party chiefs. A man comes to see him about putting electricity into the barn. He goes into the house for an hour or two to read the eighty-five letters and nineteen telegrams of congratulations. He borrows from me a knife to open a sack of bran. "That's not a very good knife," he says.

He is photographed taking in the cows, a slow job: "They don't know me very well now. Been away so long."

Later the same day, at Kimball, nine miles from the farm, some six or seven hundred friends and neighbors gathered to celebrate his victory and parked their Fords in a semi-circle about a little platform with American flags and a single electric light glaring over-head. Children and women on the benches; the brown faces of the men dark under their various hats. In the half light Magnus Johnson rises to speak. Applause, both human and by automobile horn. He is obviously moved, and for a good many minutes the speech is restrained, almost formal, not intimate but not quite in the public manner: a speech held down by a sort of humility and responsible, grave pride. Some phrases bearing the rubber stamp of public speaking the whole country over. He refers to himself by name, usually as Magnus Johnson, sometimes as Magnus Yonson. Gradually he warms up. "I feel so strong that I feel like the devil himself couldn't lick me."

And at the end, what is our impression? Here is a man whose ideas are vague but whose feelings are strong. He may have in his mind nothing more definite than his spoken promise to get a square deal for labor; but the feelings behind those words

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are a thousand times more real and honest than those of some people who could hand you an elaborate program to turn the square deal into law. He half admits his ignorance of a lot of specific issues when he says he will be found voting with La Follette; but if he must make use often of the brains of others he has a singularly real and honest set of feelings that are as a natural compass through political fogs in which brains are often lost.

At any rate, what possible harm can there be in sending to a representative body once in a while a real representative of the people?

ROBERT LITTELL.

Kimball, Minnesota.

Mr. Baldwin's Task

MR. BALDWIN'S statement may be the beginning of everything or of nothing. Is it the first bar of a completed tune? Or is he just humming to himself as he goes along, improvising note by note? Does he speak so softly at the outset for softness' sake or by reason of the formidable things to come? Is it the feelings of France he seeks to spare or the feelings of his own colleagues in his own Cabinet?

It may be some time yet before we have the answer quite for certain. Meanwhile Mr. Baldwin has at least surrendered nothing and time, though it works dangerously in Germany, brings the ever-increasing weight of public opinion in Great Britain, in the United States, in Belgium, even in France, underneath the concealing crust of the subsidized Paris press, to support the voices of moderation.

Words in this case are important in a rare degree. Our task is to create psychological, not material combinations. We have no intention under any circumstances of applying force to France. France, if she chooses, can ruin Europe and we cannot prevent her. The inducements of friendship and generosity being for the moment useless, Mr. Baldwin can make no progress unless he alarms France. His task is to alarm her without irritating her and without bluff. He treads on a delicate path, armed with the prayers of his countrymen and prudent men everywhere and with that simplicity which is not simplicity, which is granted to Englishmen from of old for the confusion of continental logicians.

His strength lies in the facts. If France could see them clearly she would be alarmed—alarmed not by us but by them. Our task is to foreshadow to her the real consequences of what she deems to be success. As Paris sleeps by night we must raise forebodings to assail her mind, and spectres from the future which she is creating. Her soldiers must see their forces dissipated, their exposed surface increasing, their scattered outposts victims of the guerrilla; her diplomatists must anticipate an isolation gradually made complete; her economists the financial exhaustion of the government and the destruction of the rentier by the instrument of inflation; and her bourgeois, annihilation beyond the Rhine of old forms of society and the advance of new forms from the East. It is not the policy, nor the resources of Great Britain, but these matters which threaten France. Our instrument for making her see them must be the force and sincerity with which we state and act upon our own prevision. This may bring us into open opposition to the government of France. But we cannot succeed in our objects unless the atmosphere we thus create serves to awaken the alarm of France, not towards us who in the last resort will remain passive, but towards what is really alarming.

Whilst we alarm France we must reassure Germany. M. Poincaré is counting upon the early collapse of the Germans resistance and he may be right. He is delighted that Mr. Baldwin should exhaust time in exercises of politeness because he hopes that meanwhile events will settle themselves in his favor. British opinion does not reckon enough with this possibility or face with sufficient frankness the need to encourage Germany. We don't want German resistance to break down. Lord Curzon would regard the fall of Cuno's government and capitulation in the Ruhr as the worst news he could receive. The more slowly we move with France, the more necessary it is to give some slight comfort to Germany and render a little support to the prestige of her existing régime. It is difficult to do this in a manner which is not distasteful. Important sections of British opinion and Germany must be content therefore with a few hints, gathering comfort more from what Mr. Baldwin did not say than from what he actually did.

It is impossible for Great Britain to be strictly neutral in the matter of the Ruhr unless she remains passive and gives up the idea of having a policy of her own. If we oppose France in the Ruhr, we must admit that this means giving an at least indirect encouragement to Germany. British opinion moves from its old moorings very slowly, very reluctantly and not at all unless the progress of events compels it. This is the tactical strength of M. Poincaré's position—he can still trade on the capital of the past, can still be outrageous with impunity, by drawing on the accumu-

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lated stock of old loyalties. But if the British public should become convinced beyond doubt that he does not deserve their confidence, the balance of European politics will suffer extraordinary change. Great Britain has never yet since the armistice exercised her authority because she never felt sufficiently certain where the true course lay. This passivity based on doubt rather than weakness has bred an illusion in France as to the weight of such authority if it is used.

The immediate danger while diplomacy follows its slow and winding course springs from the weakness of Germany—from the deterioration of her economic life and the present mentality of her people. The economic effect of the Ruhr occupation is cumulative and gets worse by lasting longer mainly because of the enormous expenditures in which the support of the Ruhr industrialists and workers involves the Berlin government. Taxing by means of inflation is now almost the only serious source of revenue. They used to raise in this way the equivalent of about £1,000,000 a week, they are now trying to raise from it nearly £2,000,000 a week.

The result is a complete breakdown of the currency and a point may soon arrive when enough real resources cannot be raised to carry on the government and support the Ruhr resistance however many notes may be printed. That is to say, the Berlin government may become literally bankrupt. The inevitable difficulties of the situation are rendered worse by the fact that the financial direction of headquarters is weak and that the old fashioned management of the Reichsbank is not equal to its new problems. The only favorable factor is the time of year—with a new harvest at hand and the season of cold still some months away.

Meanwhile, half the population is torn and divided against itself by fierce political dissensions and the other half is apathetic. Neither nationalists nor industrialists nor communists nor the makeshift compromise which now governs can command the enthusiasm of generous and independent minds. The national spirit flickers and burns nowhere with a pure flame. Disgust, disillusion and despair have joined to weaken the sense of public spirit. The most significant feature of modern Germany is to be found in the inclination of its youth to avert their minds altogether from the political and economic problems of their country, to abandon realpolitik in toto, to become indifferentists to national questions and to find elsewhere the springs of activity and enthusiasm.

M. Poincaré's confidence that German resistance can be broken down is therefore not without some grounds. Naturally, he is content that the diplomatic situation should develop as slowly as possible. So long as he can maintain the status quo without conceding anything substantial he will doubtless do what he can to avoid an abrupt breach. He reckons that divided opinions in the Cabinet and the Tory party may cause Mr. Baldwin to move so slowly that he may be too late.

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES.

London.
(By cable.)

The Watershed

You say you are my friends,
Coming mistily to greet me in your streets and places,
Handing me roses which are not tinsel surely,
That much is no gainsaying, but there it ends.
For you, the friendly people, are a vision of massed faces,
A large wavering smile of something I shrink to call derision.
And yet I take your roses demurely
And express my obligation with a nice precision.
Why should I quarrel with what Fate sends?

Poppycock! For indeed I am not a fool.
Next year, perhaps, I shall be no more to you than a sick mountebank.
Therefore, while I thank you for your roses,
I hold apart and I too smile,
Bitterly, if you will have it so; but while
I wonder you should laud me for a minute,
I wonder more by what strange finger-rule
You find your praise so easy to be spilt—
The brimful ease of it your chief of poses.
Am I the creature you have swiftly built
Since yesterday, who, formerly, for all you thought,
Printed too light a circle even to round a naught?
Or am I what you'll have me by tomorrow?
There's worry to keep me busy dabbling in it,
And pricks enough to start a pretty sorrow.

Don't think, you polyp blur of friendliness,
That any attitude you choose to take
Affects me otherwise than so much less
Than atom's atom. Scarcely for your sake
Would I consent even to notice where
You seem most thickly to invest the air,
Making a colored rose-bud of the sun.
Your sneers, I think, would leave me well aware
Of something I might boast a bit of having;
Your smooth and pitiless content with what I do
Shows up each whorl and roughness in the grain
Of that harsh article I call my brain,
Of that queer heart all twisted like a shaving
I seldom fret about. So after being
Encumbered for a brief space by your roses
I think to find your subsequent composure
As apt and cheerful as a new disclosure
Broke suddenly across a weary seeing.
Your waning praise will mark a time of day,
And afternoon approaching finds my way
So far advanced, that's all. You are a stage
We reach at ten o'clock and twelve is age.
If I'm an episode, why so are you.
We'll make a kindliness of that—what else is there to do?

AMY LOWELL.

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Coups d'Etat and Fords

THE life history of any political episode is remarkably like that of a motor car. As you drive away out of range of the salesman's tinkling tongue you fall into gray doubt: what if the throbbing mechanism under your feet should give one great gasp and resolve itself into its constituent elements of rods and cog wheels, nuts and sheet iron? What if it should jump off an embankment, run backward, turn turtle? Gradually you are reassured; your admiration grows; you convince yourself that no hill is too steep for it, no graft-mined road too rough. You recall the agent's glib words, "With intelligent driving it will run forever," and you believe.

Months pass. An inoperable squeak develops in one member, a rattle in another. One by one the more difficult grades, the rough roads, drop out of your topography. The week-end tours grow shorter; instead of the distant mountains, a nearby bank of wild flowers becomes the objective of your adventures; at last, the grocery store. Final stage of all, your car gathers dust in the garage, taken seriously by only your youngest children, your oldest grandmothers. Time for the junkman and the new model warranted to go anywhere, climb anything and last forever.

Just so with a political movement. Set yourself down, in imagination, in any state where a new constitution, or just a new political alignment has been established. There is a ruling party and an opposition, both brimming with life, both teeming with powerful personalities, generals, colonels, captains and privates each with a marshal's baton in his knapsack. Here is a machine capable of riding over any obstruction; if the ruling party falters, there is a powerful opposition to take its place; if a leader drops in harness, there is a competent lieutenant to replace him. At last, we exclaim, we have a machine that will run forever. Years pass. Squeaks develop, and irremediable rattles. A mysterious readjustment of cog-wheels takes place; more and more frequently she backs when we need desperately to drive ahead. Finally, the forward moving and backward moving forces reach equilibrium, and there we are, miles from water, food and shelter. It is high time to think of the junkman, and a new model.

There is really no great mystery in the deterioration of political movements. The strong man of the initial period is a strong man and nothing else. Any possible successor is a compound of strength and complaisance with the premium on complaisance steadily increasing. The initial issues are straight and harsh as new steel rods; the issues that succeed are soft and pliable. And so a Washington is suceeeded by a John Adams, a Jefferson by a Madison, a Lincoln by Grants, Garfields and Harrisons, a Roosevelt by Tafts and Hardings. The brave issues of classes versus masses, of state versus nation, of man versus corporation, give way to words soft and lifeless as autumn leaves, to tweedledee and tweedledum. Time for change.

All nations know such times. All respond to them, each after its temperament. In the Latin nations the characteristic response is the coup d'etat. We have recently had a chance to observe Italian parliamentarism with all its cogs worn out; instead of motion it yielded only a great whirring. Along comes Mussolini with his black shirts: a new model that takes the hills. The old constitution stands at the junkman's gate, admired by the smallest children and the oldest grandmothers. So it will go with France, when Clemenceau's small successor Poincaré has given way to a yet more minute personality, who in turn will give way to the infinitesimal.

The coup d'etat does not work in the English speaking nations. The dramatic imagination is lacking. Suppose Hughes and Hoover pushed Harding out of the nest and proclaimed themselves the government. The cold surprise of the public would kill them. We have been forced to devise a substitute, in the man pronounced unfit, held in horrified derision, by the political adepts. So in the political Nirvana of the late twenties America brought in Andrew Jackson, cursing and swaggering to restore to the Republic the power to act; in the late fifties, Abraham Lincoln, laughed at, caricatured and reviled; at the turn of the century Roosevelt, the Rough Rider.

What is the present state of our political machine? The Republican and Democratic parties still divide practically the whole field between them. They still pretend to stand for sharply opposing principles. Each is still equipped with respectable leaders who make a great show of personality and strength. But when one of the parties is placed in complete control of the government, as the Republicans were in the last election, what happens? Nothing at all. Suppose another election were held today and the Democrats returned to power. Only the youngest children and the oldest grandmothers would expect anything to happen. And even these are showing signs of disillusionment.

The machine does not work. It is time for a new one. Everybody assures himself that whatever it is to be it won't be a Ford. But who knows?

ALVIN JOHNSON.

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The Ghost

To Osborn Bergin

Do not salute me, I am not your friend;
The man whose face I seem to bear is dead,
I am his ghost.

If it could grieve his friends or had he been
In debt to them, how quickly they had heard
That he was dead.

Ye deem I show not as an airy sprite
Or phantom thinly shuddering again
To its old shape.

For now your senses all are witched away,
The shape that ye salute is but the ghost,
The soulless one.

Him ye know not ye greet as he were known!
Ye greet a goblin! Woe to him that shall
Be haunted by me!

Ye dream, although I tell and tell the tale,
He is not dead—but I remember well
The day he died.

Should he complain who by an angel face,
And angel vision, was translated
Deathlessly!

Could he outlive the wonder and the beauty
That slays all men! he saw that loveliness
And must be dead.

He fell not out in strife nor died in woe,
A very wildest wildness of delight
Hath killed him.

Not misery nor hate had fetched him down,
Not love, nor love for her—terror it was
That blinded him.

The terror of her beauty slew that man:
All icily new come from life he hears
He is not dead.

He will not tell her lips that did not dare
To look on them—but what his eye dared not
His mind's eye saw.

Remembering him, let no man brood upon
Her brow, her cheek—a ghost, a wailing woe
That dolt will be.

This death was painless, death by her again
Might well be dreadful—O God, forbid
She raise her dead!

The Hound of Connacht once that man was called:
His name and fame were known
Among the wise.

JAMES STEPHENS.
(after the Irish of Cú Connacht O'Cléirí)

Mah Jongg

FROM fifty thousand tables strewn with green Bamboos and fallen Dragons comes a nightly chorus, *Pung!*

Mah Jongg has swept the country. Only with the onslaught of such a novel as If Winter Comes, or the swift progress toward complete extinction of all privacy with the radio, is the conquest of America by this Chinese game to be compared. It is no longer the property of city highways. Main Street too is busy with its chows. Half the Sunday papers in the country have a special Mah Jongg Page. The Pullman smoker will shortly swing into line. New York to Albany, a few months hence, is certain to produce the affable historian who punged the only Dragon undiscovered in the wall, and dismayed his three opponents with a score of sixteen thousand.

Father, Mother and the two Sandersons who live around the corner are gathered at the green-topped table. Father and Mother have played before, though not entirely in company with the Book of Rules. Father explains the game to Mr. Sanderson, who cleans his glasses carefully, and Mrs. Sanderson, who finds it difficult to believe that while the Two Bamboo, the Three Bamboo, and all the other members of that large family are shafts of wood, the One Bamboo is just a bird.

"Now if you have four Dragons in your hand," says Father, continuing his lecture, "that scores you thirty-two. It makes no difference what their color is. Just four Winds—no, not winds—Dragons. You see how simple? But if they're on the board—"

"No, George," remarks Mother. "Four Dragons count sixteen."

"Four Dragons count thirty-two!" replies Father, warmly. "Don't you remember, Sam had that, Friday night, and we looked it up in the Book of Rules—"

"But those were in his hand."

"Well, so are these. Four Dragons in his hand. And—what's that, Mrs. Sanderson? Yes, I know. It does seem strange to have a bird for a bamboo. But the Book says—Mother, where did you put the Book?"

"The children have it. They're playing across the street at Uncle Joe's."

Certainly the Confucian scholars who used to wait in the willowed gardens of the Forbidden Purple Palace, chowing each other's bamboos till the Son of Heaven summoned them to council, would feel quite at home these summer evenings in East Orange or Grand Rapids. No flutes playing in the sleepy garden—a bright mahogany box that pipes the latest jazz; no 'rickshaws waiting at the doorway—a Cadillac coupé looks up the street with bright electric eyes. But the game that

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Emperor Tai-tsung played on moonlit evenings long before Columbus thought the world was round has got around to Broadway.

How long will it stay? Ours is not the easy-going pace of China. Perhaps one difference between the East and West lies here: it took a hundred years for Mah Jongg to spread through China—fifteen centuries of war and pestilence have not destroyed its vogue; in America we learn the game in seven months, hang up a new world's record for long-distance playing in the eighth, forget we ever saw a Six Bamboo before the year is out. Some new pastime from the Argentine is all the rage.

China may find our swift pace disconcerting; but certainly it is not China's to complain. For if a difference in time values is one observation which the triumph of Mah Jongg suggests to the halfway philosophic mind, another is the accident of fame. We may yet discover that Mah Jongg has done more for China's prestige in seven months than her statesmen and her all too active soldiers have done in seven years. Prestige is a child of pleasure. It took the Chauve Souris and the Art Theatre of Moscow to impress the great American subconsciousness with the fact that all Russians might not carry bombs. Mah Jongg is the first fresh contact with China we have had in twenty years. They tell us that even the coolies in that country are alert enough to play the game. Can a nation that knows when to chow and when to pung, which wind prevails when East Wind loses, whether 42 is more than 68 if one is doubled seven and the other only six, consist entirely of laundrymen and cooks? If Mah Jongg had been discovered a year earlier, China might have had American opinion behind her at the Far Eastern Conference in Washington.

Why Americans find the game attractive, even for the moment, is probably not because of any prejudice for things Chinese. There are simpler reasons for its triumph. For one thing, it is a novelty—in a land where novelty ranks next to Godliness. For another, it is a good game on its own score: more interesting than Pounce, Punch, Pinch and a great company of shabby predecessors. All its South Sea Island titles help it, too—West Wind, Three Flower and White Dragon. And it has, for any game an advantage almost sufficient in itself, the further merit of looking hard and being fatuously easy. Easy, that is, to play by rule; which is all Americans have time for, anyway. Let the Chinese worry out its seven million variations. In America the novice who has learned the game in fifteen minutes basks in the reflected glory of a myth that only prodigies of learning can ever hope to play.

The triumph of Mah Jongg is the triumph of the Union: now and forever, one and inseparable. Coffeyville, Kansas, was shouting Pung before the tiles were cold on Broadway. Once more we have a demonstration of the ease with which a fancy flits from coast to coast across the plains. The game had no great share of advertising; none at all until its triumph was assured. Mah Jongg was just The Newest Thing on Broadway. That was enough to satisfy the drawing-rooms of Coffeyville. It might have been a prohibition joke or dance step, blue shoes or No Bananas. That great invisible machine whose cogs are Sunday papers and week-enders in the City caught it up and brought it home.

America has learned Mah Jongg in fifteen weeks. China has not forgotten it in fifteen centuries.

CHARLES MERZ.

Reclassifying the Civil Service

IN the final hours of the last session of Congress the Reclassification Act of 1923 was jammed through. The act is important. It is to be applied to most of the civilian employees of the United States. It creates a Personnel Classification Board which shall classify and grade the civil servants on the basis of statements covering their duties and responsibilities, qualifications and titles. It abolishes existing statutory salaries —a frequent source of favoritism and injustice. It provides for regular salary increases in each class and grade upon the attainment and maintenance of appropriate efficiency ratings, the records of which are to be available to the employee. There is to be equal pay for equal work for both sexes.

So much for the more important provisions of the act. What it its significance? It may, if properly administered by the Board with cooperation from the Civil Service Commission and the Bureau of the Budget, be of great importance in developing a better administrative organization in the federal government. It establishes, at least, a coherent and unified salary plan. When you consider the number of different and distinct governmental agencies, the importance of some unity is clear. One may obtain from this personnel classification program a conception of a single great organization with common problems and policies. At present such a conception does not exist.

It may mean, too, the further opening up of careers in the public service. No one wants to risk

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a future in an uncertain employment with no clear idea of future possibilities as to positions to which one may be promoted upon study and experience or as to salaries within reach after satisfactory work has been performed. The new plan will provide for some scheme of advancement or promotion from grade to grade upon the fulfillment of qualifications, and for salary increases upon the maintenance of efficiency. This should encourage able men and women to enter the service, and invigorate those within it to their best efforts.

The plan should also eliminate much inequality and favoritism in salary payments and promotions. Once positions are classified officially by function and responsibility and qualifications, the inequalities of salaries become glaring. They have to be explained—or done away with. Salary standardization measures which have been adopted in several states and cities have resulted in cutting down and preventing such inequalities.

What Is Each Man's Job?

A classification of positions on the basis of duties is essential, too, to any adequate budget system for purposes of estimate, review, and control. It is the only system whereby the finance officials charged with the making of the budget estimates can satisfactorily appraise and determine upon salary items coming from many departments and covering hundreds of thousands of employees. It is essential, too, to the work of the legislative committee which must hurriedly survey these estimates and compare those of the various governmental units. It enables such committees to check special favors urged by administrators or legislators. In these ways, then, in the establishment of a great unified personnel plan, the development of careers in the service, the elimination of inequality and in assistance in budget making and reviewing, the Reclassification Act of 1923 may have great significance in administration.

But it has, I think, even more importance when we view it as a part of the larger movement for better administrative instruments. As our national life grows more complex, as people press upon resources and new institutions rise which must be controlled and guided, our administrative organization must be developed and adjusted to the new problems. It is probably true that one reason for our failure to keep pace with the problems that our machine technique has raised is the distrust we have had at the capacity of our governmental organization to function effectively. It is always interesting to me to notice how this view appears among students in college classes. They will generally recognize the need of placing social interest above private interests, but will draw back from social administration because of the general distrust of the quality of governmental organization and functioning. It is apparent, therefore, that any large plans for an extension of social control must wait upon the creation of adequate instruments. It is true, of course, that much vague criticism is due to ignorance or downright misrepresentation by groups that wish to avoid control. There is one feature of the Reclassification Act that has a real importance at this point. I refer to the chief force which made its passage possible. That force was the organized civil servants.

The earlier Civil Service Reform movement was chiefly moral and political in its aims and implications. Its leaders saw that the misuse of appointing power prostituted party and citizen. This practice secured party support by bribery with public office. It resulted, naturally, in frequent bad appointments from the point of view of the administrator. But it was the debauching of politics and the debasement of the party which chiefly stirred men. The movement lacked wide influence except at infrequent intervals, and had no general support among office holders. But the growing complexity of governmental problems has required the employment more and more of technicians, of professional men, of men with special skill and training and experience. The civil service problem has changed in nature with the change in function. The legislature is less able to solve political problems, but can only enact a general policy or standard and leave to the administrative branch the "filling in of details." This places a greater responsibility on administration and requires a higher quality of official than was required fifty years ago. The issue is no longer only a moral one in the narrow sense. We now require, and in some measure are obtaining, not only honest men and women but skilled and trained men and women. Now this fact has created a new force in the civil service reform movement.

The Federation vs. the Spoilsmen

This new force is the growing spirit of the dignity of the service, of a corporate life centred in service of the nation. Lord Haldane, the author of The Problems of Nationality, in his interesting testimony before the Royal Commission on the Mines concerning the provision of a national administration of mines emphasizes the fact that such an attitude toward service of the state is not only possible but discernible among the finest citizens. That attitude finds some expression in the National Federation of Federal Employees. It is this new spirit and power which now confronts the spoilsmen, both in Congress and in the administrative departments. This group has been considering the whole range of administrative problems which affect them and the nation—recruiting, education, personnel policy, retirement, participation in problems of administration. It was President Steward of the Federation who was foremost in

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protesting the removal of employees in the Bureau of Engraving a year ago—removals not yet satisfactorily explained. Ex-Congressman Keating, speaking at a dinner of the Federation held in Washington on March 24th to celebrate the passage of the act remarked:

> Forty years ago a few honest men, Curtis, Schurz, and a few others, started civil service reform with an attempt to establish the merit system in this country. They laid the foundations. Since then various Presidents have, by Executive Orders, covered various classes in the service. This has all been good work, but in my opinion the Federation of Federal Employees has done more to advance the cause of genuine civil service reform during the last ten years than all of these reformers on the outside have accomplished in forty years. . . . If you go back over the history of civil service reform, you will be impressed by the fact that every important change affecting the civil service employee has resulted from organization. Where did you get your Retirement bill? For twenty years you talked retirement, little groups gathered here and there and passed resolutions, but you did not get retirement until you organized, and your representative went up to the capital and made their influences felt. Now, you have reclassification. . . . Do you imagine, for instance, that the politicians are going to give up these spoils and withdraw their interference with the civil service without a struggle? These gentlemen on the outside, these civil service reformers, have been trying for forty years to drive out the politicians and they have not succeeded. I believe that if these civil service employees' organizations continue to grow, within five years from tonight no congressman or senator will dare to interfere in the civil service, and that is one thing that I want to see, and I hope that this spirit of organization will spread throughout the country.

What does this new attitude mean? Is it a danger? It is, of course, possible to use this power for gouging special favors from Congress. For my part I should prefer the danger of abuse of power by this class to the abuse of a whole party system with its attendant evils. This choice may not be necessary, however. Professor Charles Merriam of the University of Chicago, in his new study of The American Party System, suggests that one radical change in the party system in the future will come with the growth of a professional spirit in the civil service which will materially eliminate spoils and concentrate party attention rather upon issues and ideas. It is true, also, that this new outlook upon the service by its members results in a fresh responsibility, a sense of dignity and worth, that must find legitimate expression.

I know from experience with one civil service study it is invaluable in fixing personnel standards to have the aid of responsible representatives of the civil service groups. The officials of the Stationary Engineers Union and of the Society of Civil Engineers could give us necessary information and suggestive ideas. The clerks and teachers, unorganized, with no corporate feeling, no sense of a common status or problem, were, on the other hand, extremely difficult to confer with as they possessed no common channels of information and discussion.

Because a new force, concerned in the development of the field of administration as a dignified and useful career, has come into the field against the partisan spoilsman, because that new force has developed a sense of responsibility and of appreciation of the dignity and worth of its task, I believe that it is to be welcomed and used, not rebuffed and abused. It has shown its strength in two measures which were espoused by civil service reformers of all shades of opinion. The particular measures are not so important as the significance of their passage. As measures they are far from perfect or complete. But we may hope that an added strength has been enlisted in the struggle between mechanical growth and the capacity to develop methods and instruments of control. This seems to me the lesson of the Reclassification Act of 1923.

JOHN MERRIMAN GAUS.

The College Girl as Scab

THE New England college girl is experiencing an entirely fresh sensation this summer.

We are discussing her here in this Worcester mill. It is the noon hour and we are back from dinner. During those few minutes before the one o'clock whistle blows we lounge about the door and talk over the telephone operators' strike. Strikes are old stories; but, somehow, this war by girls—*between* girls—gets us. The nerve of the little devils! And of course, there is that new angle—the college girl "scab."

Fourteen came in from Boston last night, it seems.

"Wouldn'tje think, wouldn'tje think," says Sadie helplessly, "educated and knowin'!" We are silent, thinking of the scene we watch each night on Mechanic Street. Girls in threes and fours pacing slowly back and forth, back and forth. Girls walking wearily, because already they have been at it two hours or more. Girls quite young with thin bodies and small, pointed faces. Workers. Girls who, though weary, can exchange expert banter with admiring young men. Girls who seem curiously alive, tense, wholly admirable these days. . . .

"Seen the birds they've got inside?"

"They're a keen lot, I'll say.. Collitch students. . . . Good night!"

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Taxicabs line up in front of the building. A hush. The door opens and girls, subtly different from those waiting outside, dash through and toward the cabs.

"Ain't they grand?" someone remarks languidly. They are off.

That fugitive glimpse of the strike-breakers' faces leaves us bewildered. It is of that we think as we wait here for the whistle to blow.

They are *happy,* these girls, a bit frightened, but still happy and proud of themselves. It is a *holiday* for them! They would say they are having the time of their lives!

We should like to tell each other that it is incredible that these girls can be such children, such damned fools, but we cannot find the words. We mutter and brood.

We think: "They're supposed to *know* things, and they don't need the money. Yet they come here to prevent our girls from getting money. . . . It ain't as though they *needed* the money. When men are scabs it's because they *have* to work or think they have to. Here these girls are doing it for *fun.* Fun! They don't care what they're doing to other girls. Or maybe they don't know. They are babies. They are as old as those girls who have been working for years and yet they're like simpletons beside them. Does college do this? Or what is it? . . ."

FRANCIS MURPHY.

Italian Notes

II.

THE SHRINE

FROM where I stand I can see him coming down the path from the fields above. On one hand he has the stream bank that follows the slight line of the water, in this season of summer almost dry; and on the other, planted among the olive trees the wheat, now yellow toward the harvest. At the bottom of the slope the stream circles into a pool, with green poplars beyond and trees with young pears, and the tiles, half hidden, of the farmhouse roof. Another path borders the fields where the land stretches out into a long level with vines and the elms they hang upon, and wheat again, filled thick with poppies. At the crossing of the paths stands a shrine, a square pillar plastered white. A little roof of tiles covers the top of the shrine and not far down is a niche, painted blue with gold stars. In it is a little statue of the Virgin, white and blue, with stars about her head.

The sun has sunk, the late golden light fills the air and lifts through the olive trees and gleams on the white shrine. The bells from San Francesco far away in Assisi come down over the serene land. Sounds can be heard now from the kitchen of the farmhouse, and presently a woman begins to sing, in a stone room, you can tell by a kind of completeness of volume in the tone. Her voice has an odd double quality, something of the sweetness of light and the tang of metal.

The man is tall and brown; he is young, not yet thirty. Three-quarters of the way to the foot of the slope he stops and turns and looks back up the hill. Then he turns again and stands looking for a long time out over the fields. Then he goes back and breaks a white flowered branch from an olive tree and a handful of poppies growing underneath and comes and lays them at the shrine.

The light, the olive boughs, the wheat, the abundance and verdure are reflected within him as they are in the water of the pool. Love and thankfulness fill his heart. But he is not abstract; and it would not satisfy him, even if he could, to hold in some memory or system of thought or state of mind, what he feels. He needs someone to offer it to; and he needs to do some visible act that he can see as a result of the thing in him. And in what he does, the labor, the plenty, the rest and peace, reach their completeness and fruition and are made clear; his day takes its natural place in the world. For him the idea and the body or creation appear as one, in the same way as that in which the progress and life in nature there around him may relieve and express itself in the ripening grain, the flowers, the fruit and the evening light under the trees.

CAMPO SANTO

I come into the Campo Santo by the only entrance in those four walls and into the shadow of the roof that rests one side on them and the other on those lines of slender columns that enclose the court. The columns begin high up from the pavement, five feet or more, standing on a solid wall that runs all 'round, with openings for passageways in the centre of each side and of the ends. Down the long gallery that the high outer walls and the lower wall around the court make, I walk; and from there I look up at the columns rising gray and slender against the light, I see the line of a cypress and a stretch of blue sky; on the far side of the court the columns' white marble shines in the light, and they define themselves against the shadow beyond, with its glow of frescoes and old sculptures. There are four cypresses within the court and in the centre an altar with yellow roses climbing round it. In the air above, against the blue of the sky, white pigeons are flying. And now and then a sound from Pisa comes faintly and almost lost, and the crackle and darting rustle of the tiny life in the grasses and plants nearby. But that more subtle silence of the eyes lies everywhere.

There is nothing else; only the long galleries of shade with their walls painted over in crucifixions and Calvary, the damnations of hell and the pageantries of life, now faded into ghosts, and beneath the frescoes the tombs, of Roman and mediaeval and later times, the tablets, busts and sepulchral monuments, and the eternal memory of

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them; the slender white columns beginning so far from the ground and running up to the marble fretwork within the arches; the light; the cypress trees; the white pigeons flying; the blue of the sky; the quiet.

On the steps leading down into the court a man and a woman are reading a guide-book. The earth in this plot was brought here from Palestine in fifty-three shiploads by the Crusaders in 1203. The man and the woman close the guide-book and go on talking about the legend of this place. They speak to each other at length of the sentiment of all this, and then of superstition. But even if the earth here had not been brought from the Holy Land, they say, it would have made no difference to speak of, since the spot had been blessed by the Church, as all cemeteries must be. It would be for Catholic Italians a special and sacred place; the superstition would remain the same. They marvel at the force of superstition among men.

But—however one may think of other cemeteries blessed by priests and specially revered—what has happened here in the Campo Santo is the reverse of all superstition, which is the act of giving to a thing a worship or fear or belief that has no longer any reason to exist or that is arbitrarily superimposed upon it. A savage may bring offerings to a malicious rock or bow to some cross-roads as ill-omened or beneficent. But here the Campo Santo has not been left a mere accidental plot of ground superstitiously endowed with powers. The beauty, quietness and grave repose, the even balance and finality and immortal hope believed of it have become its visible and tangible aspect. Through its marbles and color, its spaces, its sharp-ending clear lines, its light falling through shadow, the ideas held about this burial spot have attained a material actuality. The men who believed that this was a special and sacred place have saved their minds and ours from the insult of superstition by putting into it what was special and sacred out of themselves and making it the substance of their faith; as a man might who, worshipping music as his own inmost voice made his inmost voice into a music. This is the salvation and health of all inner life, when it attains an outer and separable expression of itself in words or color, line and form or sound or action. The sanity and wholeness of all things is saved only by bringing them to their due ends or fruits in the world. And believers are not ignorant merely in thinking this Campo Santo to be divine and holy and in setting it apart; in so far as there is any divinity in their thought or holiness in their souls, these have been recreated here in form and light and have become the place.

Smoke

Over toward Montefiascone a smoke rises from a pine wood in the hills. Above the darker spot of the pines and up against the purple of the hills in the morning light, the smoke rises in a thin white line. It might well come from the fire of some farmyard deity in the days of Rome or the altar of some rude oracle or a lone temple in its sacred wood.

Measured in eternity the smoke and a man's brain have the same momentary duration. But time is blotted out and the little rural ways of Rome and Greece live still and the old gods return as the smoke rises there. Strange permanence in so frail a thing.

Stark Young.

CORRESPONDENCE

Peace and Peace Seekers

SIR: A slavish subjection to hopeless compromise permeates the editorial on Peace and Peace Seekers in your issue of July 18th. Overwhelmed, no doubt, by the usual dread of action along practicable lines to peace, a sort of sleeping sickness drugging the liberal mind, the writer of the editorial rather indecently contends that the forces seeking to outlaw war by declaring it a crime, by depriving national legislatures of the power of appropriating funds for military and naval forces and, finally, by calling upon the peoples of the world to resist war have aims common to those supporting the cynical Covenant of Nations, whose sole purpose is to uphold the strong against the weak.

When your writer urges that such diametrically opposed groups have the same goal in view, namely peace, we say that it is a puerile evasion of the facts. The League of Nations supporters stand for the status quo, with its intrigue, its bloodshed, its subjection of smaller nations to the imperialistic designs of the larger, more powerful countries; where is the peace since the coming of the League of Nations? The International No More War Demonstration Committee, representing, absolutist pacific groups, on the other hand, recognizing that the fiendish devices of modern warfare daily grow more efficacious and that they have reached the point of development where, by their use, the civilian population of a city like New York or London can be annihilated in a single night, insists that there is no time for argument, for pious prayer and appeals to the morality of groups and individuals who see only their flag, their oil or their honor. We say, stop war first and come to an agreement about our numerous differences later.

We say that, by making it illegal to prepare for, declare or carry on war, a new, and certainly more desirable, world psychology is developed. Up to the present, the militarist has been in the saddle and pacifist protests against war were made illegal. Reverse the situation, outlaw the militarist, the pacifist cause becomes legal and hatred between nations, engendered by the war shouter and the sabre rattler, will be relegated to the graveyard of a monstrous past.

We say, stop war first. Destroy the means of war. Destroy the power to make war. Abolish armies and navies. That is, if you want peace, and not the skull and skeleton of it.

Richard Rohman.
International No More War Demonstration Committee.
New York City.

[An editorial comment on this letter will be found on page 247 of this issue.]

A World of Purposes

SIR: There are two parties to every explanation, the explainer and the explainee. The latter, however, is usually much neglected. Is a thing explained when the explainer is satisfied, but the explainee not? Certainly not in court, where the judge has it all his own way. But in a scientific argument there seem to be no rules and no rights. I have just read Mr. Watson's article, Professor McDougall Returns to Religion, and hastened to read Mr. McDougall's new psychology itself. Mr. Watson is in favor of explaining human conduct in terms of mechanism, and Mr. McDougall announces that his book is written to explain human conduct in terms of purpose. "Not to me, he won't," we can almost hear Mr. Watson say.

Mr. Watson may stand out against being explained to in such terms, but there is reason to believe that Mr. McDougall's explanations will prove popular with the run of men. He talks their language. Don't we all know that the world is full of purposes. Haven't we just defeated a certain life-insurance agent's avowed purpose to sell us a policy? When we are asked what we are doing, isn't our answer always a purpose? Purposes are as real as bricks. We spend most of our time dodging other people's and furthering our own. We are beset even with negative purposes. It is the purpose of the drys that the wets shall not have their alcohol.

Purposes are real enough even when they fail. And there is the real issue. It's an unlucky purpose that doesn't have its

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mechanism in order. (I have a vague impression that Leibniz mentioned that fact.) I may plan a motor trip. My accomplishment depends on much mechanism, on internal combustion engine, tires, bearings, a battery, and, more than that, on sense organs, muscles and nerves. If you desire an accurate notion of the outcome of a purpose, examine its mechanism.

But that is laborious. We may undertake it for the motor, but the human mechanism—a plain man has no time for that. He will take a chance on a purposive description, whose essence is a certain noncommittal attitude toward the outcome, a place left for the unexpected, a saving "perhaps," a little free will.

Mr. Watson need not be annoyed that psychology is still being written in terms of purpose. A large part of the public (all of us, most of the time) speak the language of purpose. Even automobile manuals written for the public are usually contented with describing what the button is for, not how it is connected. Only manuals written for the mechanic are mechanistic and explain how the thing works. Let Mr. Watson write for the psychologist and Mr. McDougall for the public.

From the well known Gasoline Alley, Avery and Emily are now on their way to the Pacific Coast. They seem to get on amicably, though Avery is a mechanist and Emily is not. Avery knows what to expect of his car through an intimate acquaintance with its vitals and its history. Emily is a little more vague, given more to commendation and complaint than to exact prediction. She undoubtedly attributes perverse purposes to the car while Avery hunts the trouble. She is a teleologist.

University of Washington, Seattle, Washington. EDWIN R. GUTHRIE.

Backward Louisiana

SIR: As a visitor in Baton Rouge this June, I had occasion to use the library of the Louisiana State University. I borrowed Karl Marx's Capitalistic Production and Thorstein Veblen's The Theory of the Leisure Class. It was with dismay that I noted the lack of attention given such works. There was but one copy of each in the library yet the former, placed in circulation in January 1917, had been borrowed but three times, and the latter, placed in circulation in February 1918, had never been borrowed.

What are our institutions of higher learning teaching, what are the professors and instructors connected with them doing, when books of this nature are not read and studied?

The boys of the university play jazz music, handle rifles and perform military drills with great skill and alacrity; the girls use the lip stick with facility; but if any knowledge of the right kind is dispensed at this institution it surely can't be along the social sciences.

Probably the agricultural studies displace them. At any rate, let us hope that when the new state university is built, for which the state has already appropriated $7,000,000, something will be done towards fostering a greater knowledge of the social sciences. VICTOR G. GOUGH.

New York City.

Throwing Stones at China

SIR: Here in Constantinople the American papers reach me belatedly with the news of the bandit kidnapping of foreigners in China, the depredation of armed brigands, the progressive collapse of the Peking government—chaos, I think it is generally called. May I still, however, as an old resident of China and for long a student of its affairs, have the privilege of making a few observations, though belated?

The government of China is undoubtedly rotten. It is undoubtedly as rotten as the governments of the United States, England, France, Italy, Rumania and Japan. Possibly it is even a little more rotten. The government of China, or the isolated groups of militarists, officials and professional robbers who constitute its government, succeed in despoiling the Chinese people every year of a certain large sum—say a hundred million dollars. The governments of the United States, England, France, Italy, Rumania and Japan act as legal agents for the interlocking groups of American, British, Italian, Rumanian and Japanese financiers, industrialists and commercial chieftains who succeed in despoiling the American, British, French, Italian, Rumanian and Japanese peoples of a certain much larger sum—say a thousand million dollars.

There lies the difference: in one case the government is robber direct, in the others it is the authorized legal agent for robbery. It is the only difference, but an important one in the minds of peoples who traditionally worship legality, that is, conformance to rules of the game as duly written down—written down by those who always win. And because of this difference and in order to do away with it, there is clamor for intervention in China.

I can understand why the governments of the United States, England, etc., should talk of intervention, for they have a conviction of moral superiority to vindicate. I can understand why the classes for whom the governments of the United States, England, etc., act should talk of intervention, for they have a vested interest in the political and economic theory that the function of all governments is to act as their agents in robbery rather than as robbers direct. But I cannot understand why the people of the United States, England, etc., should talk of intervention, support it or even be interested in it. And I know that the people of China will never give ear to it or submit to it. For at the worst they get off more cheaply than the people of the United States, England, etc.

Oceans of ink have been spilled and can be spilled on various phases of the problem of China, but this is the essence of the problem, at least of the problem of China's relation to (call them) the civilized nations of the earth.

Constantinople. NATHANIEL PEFFER.

Russia's Schools

SIR: The following address of the All-Russian Central Executive Committees of Workmen's and Peasants' Deputies to Soviet authorities, public organizations and all workers of the republic, which has been posted in all central places throughout the length and breadth of Russia, may be of interest to your readers. It reveals the fact that, though the Soviet government finds it necessary to cut down the amount of state funds devoted to education during the critical period when every energy must be bent toward the rehabilitation of transport and trade, it lays no less emphasis upon the necessity for education than hitherto. Conditions, however, make it necessary that aid for most local educational institutions come from the community itself rather than from the Central government:

> The Tenth Congress of Soviets has decided that a maximum of strength and means should be applied to the work of public education.
>
> A great problem stands now before us: by a supreme effort of all our powers we must strengthen and develop the education of our people.
>
> School work in our republic is falling off, school workers are hungering, the number of schools is decreasing.
>
> It is time to put an end to all this. Retreat on the educational front must be interrupted, so said the 10th Congress of Soviets.
>
> The All Russian Central Executive Committee therefore applies to all central and local authorities, to all professional, cooperative and social organizations, to use all their power, their experience and knowledge and the maximum of their material means to save the schools from their destruction and downfall, and to create a solid basis for their future growth and flourishing.
>
> The school must occupy in our budget a place adequate to its importance. A particularly high percentage of the budget assigned for the needs of schools should be an object of pride for all provincial central executive committees.
>
> All land departments should help schools by assigning them plowing land and by other means.
>
> All Communist units must regard work connected with schools as primary and urgent.
>
> Economic organizations of the republic should consider the questions of repairing, heating and equipment of schools as questions of predominant importance, and should extend to them all privileges.
>
> The school-worker himself must participate in the work of the culture organizations of our republic. Only an educated school worker, politically instructed and devoted to the in-

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terests of the Soviet power can be an effective builder of the school.

A place of honor in the ranks of the workers of our republic must be reserved to the Soviet school worker. Let him not feel himself forgotten or unjustly treated. Let him absorb all the juices of the revolution in order to be able to educate a sound young generation.

To you, all workers, the All Russian Central Executive Committee applies.

Remember that the struggle against ignorance, superstition and convention is at the same time a struggle for an economic regeneration of our republic, a struggle for the strengthening of the political power of the workmen and peasants.

The school must cease to remain in salary. The school must not be any more a step-child, it must become the beloved blood child of all Soviet authorities and organizations of the working masses.

A Socialist republic must be above all a literate (grammatne) republic.

Forward with closed ranks against our dark enemy—ignorance!

Having interrupted the retreat, let us by heroic efforts resume the offensive along all the educational front.

WALTER ABELL,
Publicity Secretary.

American Friends' Service Committee,
Philadelphia.

Blessed Be the Warmakers

SIR: In your issue of July 11th, I note you lament the position taken by the French in the Ruhr district. You seem to think that the French government's position is not at all in accord with our present civilization. The stand you take, I think, is wholly without justification.

The French government and people waited patiently for years for the German government and people to give expression to the fact that they even desired to pay the French government and people for the terrible wrong they had done them. Notes were exchanged; the French pleaded for peace; the Germans denied ability to pay anything, and the matter was agitated until the present situation became inevitable.

If France had not occupied the Ruhr she would have been the laughing stock of the world. The Germans would have said, "The French dared not come into our territory even though they knew us to be practically unarmed." Throughout this issue you seem to me to be publishing British propaganda. Great Britain is talking of the injustice and unfairness of the French. When did the British get into a position to criticize anyone? They ever have been, and still are, a territory-grabbing nation.

In the Franco-Prussian war the Germans marched into Paris. They took Alsace and Lorraine; they insulted the French people beyond endurance. The Germans began the World War; they strewed France's battlefield with the bravest of the French people. They murdered men and women in cold blood; they viciously and maliciously destroyed the most beautiful architecture of France—edifices that were not only held sacred by the French people themselves, but by the world at large. And now you ask France and the world to forget. You refer to the Papal letter which has caused so much indignation in France. I feel that it should cause indignation. When we come to think of what has occurred in the past, the religion that the Pope stands for, and all other Christian faiths, teach war. They say there will be wars and rumors of wars; they tell us how Saul slew thousands and David tens of thousands in the name of God. Our sons and our daughters are taught by our public Sunday schools that war is inevitable. I am not criticizing these things for I feel that war is one of our greatest blessings. There are men in this world that live and die without a thrill, without feeling that they are an entity. They would never know the applause and praise of women, which is most vital to our very existence, if it were not for war. Our soldiers march away from home mid the blare of trumpets and the playing of the bands; they hear the politician sing their praise; mothers and sweethearts weep over them and call them brave; and they become better men because they try to live up to the standards that others have set for them.

There will be wars and rumors of war always, and I would regret very much the time when so-called peace would be upon the world, because then men would become slaves and sluggards.

There is nothing more certain in the world than that there is another war brewing. Men will be sacrificed by the millions upon the battlefields, and people will say that they have paid the supreme sacrifice, but what more glorious thing can a man do than fight and die for the country that he loves? Remove that spirit, which you would do if you remove war from the world, and you will have men that will be very much inferior in every way to the fighting men that populate the world today.

T. M. HAMILTON.

The Illiberal Liberal

SIR: You are taking a straw vote of liberals. These days there is much talk about liberals, and I am led to ask, Who are the liberals anyway? In my opinion there is "no such animal." The self-styled liberal is the least liberal and open-minded of all men. In the New Republic of late there has been much said of the pretentious claims of the self-styled superior folks—the intelligence testers and the eugenists—the Termans and the Wiggams. To my way of thinking the claim of the self-styled liberals to greater wisdom and honesty than other folks is just as pretentious. Your liberal will deny such a claim, but there is no other interpretation to be put on the request that the man in power be put out and the liberal be put in his place. What manner of man is the so-called liberal, pray, that he is not subject to the same temptation as other men!

It is my belief that there is no relief to be found in a government based on the principle that one group of men are essentially any different from any other group of men, that is to say, that any one group of men can for long be trusted with unchecked power.

Your liberal is a preacher. He tells you what you should do and what you should not do. He praises this one and blames that one. He never thinks to inquire why men act the way they do, he never thinks of their struggles and temptations.

I question the expediency of following the lead of the self-styled liberals—the H. G. Wells's, the Frank Cranes and the New Republicans.

WILLIAM CROCKER.

Prescott, Arizona.

The Surplus Interpreted

SIR: The bombastic advertised surplus of the federal government, which amounted to $310,000,000 for the fiscal year, should be properly interpreted to the every-day reader of the daily press.

"The Efficiency and Economy Policy" of the present administration is in reality largely due to the fact that a more normal state of affairs exists today than at the beginning of the Harding administration.

The manner of the execution of this policy is, I believe, more to the discredit of the administration than to its credit. The sapping out of the clerical and mechanical forces of the various governmental departments, the dismissal of the navy yard employees and employees of other governmental plants a few months ago, the present pending dismissal of a vast number of others which is partially announced, the additional hours of overtime work without pay taxed upon the clerks in some of the departments, the diminishing forces of the Dental Department in the Veterans' Bureau, the necessity of the Americanization Schools of the District of appealing to the city population in order to have a summer session because their budget was denied them, speak for themselves.

Many a painful story is told by the dismissed employees who purchased property in the District of Columbia for future homes and were obliged upon almost no notice to leave them and seek new positions and new living quarters elsewhere.

The outstanding feature, however, is that the appropriation for last year was larger than was necessary and thereby also helped to maintain this large advertised surplus.

Washington, D. C. J. THEMPER.

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More Thoughts by Straw Voters

Ford: A New Machiavelli

SIR: Ford has solved tremendous engineering problems, and perhaps a man who can organize production on a vast scale without reckless wastage of man-power and raw materials is likelier for the job of organizing civilization than a small-town editor or country lawyer. Ford's lack of traditional monkish schooling seems beside the point. He has real learning on an immense scale, though I admit it is one-sided. I even refuse to think Ford is funny and I dare say God wept more and laughed less over the Peace Ship than he did over the Supreme Council or Henry Cabot Lodge. W. S.

Washington, D. C.

As Framed by W. W.

SIR: I favor a league of nations as the original document was framed by Woodrow Wilson. I still think that a conference table for the world's statesmen would be an excellent substitute for the threat of armaments. R. H. C.

Berkeley, California.

The Donkey-Sense of the Democrats

SIR: I am a Democrat but independent on election day; for here in Virginia we generally must choose between two evils or not vote. I would not vote for Cox, Al Smith or Ralston. For twenty years I have wanted to see La Follette President, but he has no hope of getting the support of his party. Ford is the best hope of the Democrats, but I am afraid they have too much donkey-sense to name him. J. L. K.

Newport News, Virginia.

After a Visit to the Ford Plant

SIR: Since I visited the Ford plant in Detroit I have become convinced that its creator is a rich man, honest and decent, who knows the meaning of service in the betterment of humans. And, to contrast, I think of Mr. Gary who also knows what service means. G. C.

What the Thirty-one Promised

SIR: I do not favor a third party, because those who desire something more idealistic than the old party are in disagreement on so many apparently vital points that it is not likely we could agree on a platform or candidates. I would not wish to vote for Borah, Johnson or La Follette. While I see no reason to suppose that he would succeed as President, yet, betweeen Ford and Harding, I should vote for Ford. I bitterly resent having my vote for Harding last time twisted by men like Harvey into opposition to the League of Nations. I voted for him because of what the thirty-one promised as to his attitude on cooperation with the nations of the world to end war. It seems to me this pledge has not been kept. T. C.

New York City.

Why Not a Third, Fourth and Fifth Party?

SIR: A third party? Yes, and a fourth, and a fifth. The excuse for the present system is the sectional interest of the South, which is based on a geographical interpretation of economic interest. I should like to see the situation evolve as follows: for the orthodox red, an amalgamation of the I. W. W. and the Communists, headed by Foster; for the socialist who now finds himself without a political fold, a good Socialist-Labor party under Victor Berger; a liberal party (the hero of the play) to be led by someone minded as is Borah, but with isolationism in its ranks beaten down like the plague. We need internationally minded people, and many a financier is better in this respect than our mid-west liberals. For the old guard and the Southern bourbons, they should unite under someone whose economic views approximate those of Coolidge and yet who does not live in Massachusetts. . . . J. P. F.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

One Can't Have Everything

SIR: I think Borah's "World Court" is a necessary preliminary to anything approaching a league of nations. I put Borah and La Follette as my candidates. I prefer La Follette but fear he may be too greatly handicapped to win. I do not admire him either for his antagonism to England, but one can't have everything he wishes in his candidate A. W. R.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

An Adamless Eden

SIR: I am a woman seventy-two years old. I am without a man in my family and so hear few discussions, and get no help from contact with "Liberals." Most of the men I see are dyed-in-the-wool Republicans. I worked hard for suffrage but was driven to casting my first vote for President for Debs. Why can't we raise big men in the U. S., I wonder? J. K. H.

Springfield, Massachusetts.

With Labor as a Nucleus

SIR: The present party system is wholly useless and will remain so until a clear-cut division into Right and Left, Conservative and Radical elements is achieved. The only hope I see of this lies in the faint prospect of the growth of a strong Labor party around which all the liberal elements in the country can coalesce. W. F. E.

Fresno, California.

An American Utopia

SIR: I have gone over to the politique du pire and would like to see Henry Ford elected President. I think that would discredit our form of government and hasten the dissolution which I believe is necessary. The changes I should like to see are (a) decentralization; (b) a parliamentary form of government with a responsible ministry; (c) functional representation; (d) restriction of the franchise by a high educational qualification, accompanied by an enormous increase in the funds appropriated for educational purposes. H. A.

Princeton, New Jersey.

The League Is Another "Holy" Alliance

SIR: I oppose our entering the League under any circumstances. So far it has been the tool of France, England, and Italy and is no more a true League of Nations than was the "Holy" Alliance. Think how it has barred both Russia and Germany; permitted the occupation of German territory by French "Colonials;" and accepted the idea that might is right in the case of Memel—as it indicates that it will if the Poles seize Danzig. F. H. A.

Government, Most Backward of Human Enterprises

SIR: I do not expect to see a representative of a genuine and tolerant liberalism nominated by any party—even a third party. Hence I vote on the basis of a choice of evils. I am totally opposed to Ford, Johnson, or anyone running on a wet platform, though the present administration of prohibition is running us into needless difficulties. I believe, in general, in keeping the central administration to its main business, justice at home and friendly relations abroad. Government is still the most backward of human enterprises and I hesitate to throw on it any more sources of blunder and failure. I should like to see a body of citizens intelligent and patriotic to a degree in which we could safely leave all money-making ventures, even public utilities, in private hands. D. S. J.

Stanford University, California.

A Porto Rican Favors Harding

SIR: It makes no difference how many parties there are in 1924. They are all the same. They have no policy and no statesmanship. Parties today are corporations for the distribution of the spoils; they have no seers and prophets, merely managers. I shall vote for Mr. Harding. He has common sense; is unobtrusive and dignified; and, with his four years in the White House, has been, as it were, to the university.

Arecibo, Porto Rico. R. R. V.

The Wets Have It

SIR: Alfred E. Smith of New York would be my choice, because he would favor the League of Nations and the licensed sale of liquor by the government. The last question will be a deciding factor in this campaign. B. C. R.

Columbus, Ohio.

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Books and Things

VERGIL must have been wearier in body than in mind when he said, if Vergil it was and not a scholiast, that one grows tired of everything, except of understanding. The remark forced itself upon my memory the other day when I was looking at the Sunday paper pictures of those young girls who are always breaking some swimming record or other. No psychics, these young swimmers, but perfect somatics in their radiance and their friendly prime, bodies at ease and serene between competitive efforts. Minds, if any, which neither world has puzzled. No other photographs, not even the prints of old coachmen, are quite so good-natured and so happy. Not one among these bathing-suited girls looks as if she could tire of her present way of life so long as her body remained fit to lead it. One's body, to be sure, does in most cases happen to fail earlier than one's mind, but to rate the joy of understanding above bodily joy is to be the dupe of this succession in time. May I never become the victim of folly in this form, never kid myself into the delusion that today, when at last I have mastered the inheritance tax laws of Czecho-Slovakia, is better than that other and far-off day when first I stood tiptoe upon the mountain-top. It's only the old trick of reconciling oneself to loss by proclaiming that what is left is superior to what is gone. I shall not be indifferent to my bodily decline until at last, waking in Heaven, I find I haven't a body. Exercise never grows stale, but only the exerciser.

Which reminds me that no young athletic survivor of bodily death has told us through a medium or otherwise exactly how the next world strikes her. Perhaps because they feel as newcomers a certain reluctance to tell tales out of Heaven. Or perhaps because, being disembodied, disincarnate, and therefore not quite at home, they are as incapable of making a report as I should be if Heaven were nothing but the perusal of Dedekind's Mathematiks-erwachen, or nothing but music. Either explanation is plausible enough to crowd out surprise that young athletes who go to Heaven should join the silent majority there. Room for surprise is left in the fact that among the not silent minority, the message-senders, the critical faculty seems to have died out. Critics are usually the very men who would least notice the absence of their bodies, for better bodies, finer senses, would have made them artists here below. Then why, up there, does there seem to be no critical faculty, neither in its grosser manifestation, the will to change things, nor in its subtler, the will to understand them? Why no sign even of that everyday human impulse, by yielding to which living friends so often bore us when they have just moved into new quarters, and tell us what is wrong there?

A little disappointing, so far, all this communication from the mighty dead, unless one can place oneself at the orthodox point of view, and can say: "It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all." Or unless one can feel, adding only one word to what Boswell felt about Beauclerk's stories, that these communications have "that air of the next world which has I know not what impressive effect, as if there were something more than is expressed, or perhaps than we could perfectly understand." But I look for progress in this matter, perhaps before the beginning of the next century. At this end of the line we may learn to better our technique, to admit the existence of specialists in Heaven, to ask the right questions of the right party, to employ the proper medium. Human relations, exquisite, intricate, took up most of the late Henry James's attention, while he was with us. Much of his occupation will be gone in the next world, which just at first he may find a trifle sexless, but how worthy of his attention, at its most patient, he will find the task of disentangling and representing the relation of those Three Persons who are also One God. Even by this time he must have scrutinized this relation as closely as ever St. Paul did, or as St. John the Divine. Could we induce Henry James to report upon this subject, and to employ Sir Owen Seaman or Mr. Max Beerbohm as his medium, his message to us would sound, at the very least, authentic, and might be intelligible.

If every heaven-bent voyager be required upon reaching port to declare what he is bringing with him, the late Marcel Proust must have told the heavenly inspector that he brought a cargo of childhood, dukes, and landscapes, Normandy, Sodomy, and proper names. And as none of these interests, except the interest in landscape, can be appropriate to Heaven, the authorities there may have been for a moment at a loss what to do with Marcel Proust. By this time, when they have discovered another of his main interests, he is no doubt engrossed in the study of hierarchy, of which his observation appears, if one may judge by the books he published, to have kept him busy for an eternity while he still existed in time. To discriminate the behavior of an angel from an archangel's, to discriminate the effects produced by the presence of each among those who know what's what, and also among those who don't know, to record his discriminations again and again, first at length and then at longer length, as if time were of no account—what occupation could be more delightful to Marcel Proust? What realm of being so congenial as Heaven, where a thousand years are but as yesterday, to an artist who had so mastered the art of making yesterday read like a thousand years? If there be room for such a thing as hope in Heaven, Proust will be happy there, happy in the hope of writing a parenthesis without an end.

But at this last moment another explanation occurs of the dearth of criticism in messages sent us from the dead. Our courteous and self-pleasing assumption that our friends go to Heaven when they die may be gratuitous. Perhaps every critic, even he whom we knew and loved in his lifetime, may be in Hell. Perhaps criticism, except when it takes the form of advertisement, is the sin against the Holy Ghost. Sinners of this kind, when they come up for sentence, may give pause to the Judge who sincerely tries to fulfill himself by committing them to the place of greater torment. I speak not of those who have tried only to see things as they are, for the incidental discomforts of Hell will make it for all such the proper abode. I am speaking of the critic whose will to understand has been merely the prologue of his will to create, and to create things different. I am speaking of the Gegenschöpfer, to whom the will to make changes has been the breath of his life. It is far from certain that Mr. H. G. Wells, for example, will be more miserable in Hell, where everything ought to be changed and nothing can be, than in a Heaven where his unresting critical faculty, so constructive and so versatile, has been replaced by a predisposition to indefinitely prolonged applause. Surely he must be unhappy in a happiness which kills his will to reproach so much as one poor Athenian with failure to invent the lemon-squeezer a few hundred years prematurely. P. L.

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The Sorrows of Shelley

Ariel ou la Vie de Shelley, par André Maurois. Paris: Bernard Grasset. 7 fr. 50.

M. MAUROIS is known to American readers as the author of The Silence of Colonel Bramble. A young French lieutenant is assigned to a Highland regiment as liaison officer, and in this capacity enjoys the intimacy of the Colonel's mess—Major Parker, Doctor O'Grady and the Reverend John MacIvor, the Chaplain. Throughout he remains the gently wondering, cheerfully puzzled listener to their conversation, and spectator of their behavior, their manner of making war, ces Anglais! In the same ingenuous fashion M. Maurois has set himself to consider the phenomena of Shelley's life, that web of events and associations so surprising and desolating, sustained by a character so unworldly that the result is more incredible than any romance. It is M. Maurois' art to tell this amazing story in the simplest, most limpid style. He does not interrupt his narrative with explanations or apologies or censures, or criticisms of Shelley's poetry. He gives an example of that detachment which it is so hard for an Anglo-Saxon to achieve in any circumstances, so impossible in the case of Shelley. The English writers on Shelley are like the various narrators in The Ring and the Book. There are Jeafferson, the attorney for the prosecution, Dowden, the attorney for the defence, and Hogg, the tertium quid; Matthew Arnold, the didactic, Francis Thompson the adoring, Santayana, the raisonneur, and Peacock, Medwin and Trelawney who recorded personal impressions and anecdotes each from his limited point of view. Now for the first time the personality and experience of Shelley stand forth, free from all embarrassing relation to the personal prejudice or the moral standards of the recorder, distinct in a white light. It was evidently necessary for a Frenchman to do this service for us.

And for the first time a biography of Shelley has the impressiveness which a naked recital of the facts discloses. The adolescent passion in which his sister Elizabeth and his cousin Harriet Grove were so strangely mingled; the pursuing horror of his schooldays at Eton; the intellectual curiosity which led him at once to a study of the French philosophers and experiments in chemistry; his expulsion from Oxford for declaring the necessity of atheism; the knight errantry of his flight with Harriet Westbrook and marriage; the passion for humanity which led him to preach revolution in Ireland; the ardor of discipleship which united him to Godwin; the cruel magnetism which drew to him the three girls of Godwin's household, Fanny Imlay, Jane Clairmont and Mary Godwin; the abandonment of Harriet with her unborn child and the flight with Mary and Claire to France; the long, sordid negotiations to secure money from Sir Timothy Shelley to bestow it on Godwin; the entanglement of Claire with Byron and the ambiguous friendship of the two poets; the birth of Claire's child Allegra; the suicide of Harriet, enceinte by an unknown lover; the case in chancery to secure the custody of his children, dismissed by the Lord Chancellor; the suicide of Fanny Imlay; the exile in Italy and the deaths of the little children, Clara and William Shelley and Allegra; the residence with the Williamses at Lerici; the love for Jane Williams; the fatal love of the sea; the sailing of Shelley and Edward Williams from Leghorn in the teeth of the coming storm; the agonizing suspense of the two women; the recovery of the bodies, and their burning on the seashore by Trelawney and Byron —all this seems the extravagant dilation of fiction, a sort of Wuthering Heights nightmare. We should cry, "Impossible. Such things do not happen," were it not for the calm assurance of M. Maurois' narrative.

It would be wrong to give the impression that M. Maurois' style is colorless or flavorless. One quality it has in particular, a quality which is inherent in the contrast between the extraordinary substance of the narrative and the author's nonchalance in the presence of it. That is irony. It is a quality which permeated M. Maurois' courteous account of his English officers in The Silence of Colonel Bramble, and which now seems the necessary reaction of the Gallic spirit in the face of Shelley's life and world. And it seems suddenly and inevitably right, that attitude of unperturbed acceptance, and calm acquiescence, accented so lightly but unmistakably with the Gallic shrug—the perfect tone for Shelley and his England, which Matthew Arnold so utterly missed with his schoolmasterly bête and sale. How dryly M. Maurois touches the ludicrous elements—so many of them!—in that play of tragic comedians. There is Miss Hitchener, "that handsome girl with a Roman profile, who had the reputation of being romantic and pedantic; and who complained on her part of being understood by no one. Shelley perceived with sorrow that she had remained Deist and proposed to her a correspondence in the course of which he would undertake the cure of that infirmity. She accepted." There is the abortive love affair between Harriet and Hogg. "He had since his first attempt promised to behave and she was at once glad and disappointed. Sure of her virtuous power of resistance it was not unpleasant to her to test it." There is the Irish revolution which Godwin warned Shelley would end in bloodshed. "If he had seen his spiritual son correcting an inoffensive plan of association for the welfare of humanity, between Eliza who sewed a red cape and Harriet who prepared a meal of fruit, he would have been less anxious."

Occasionally M. Maurois permits himself a wry smile at the malign spirit of contretemps by which Shelley was haunted. Mr. Hitchener was like Mr. Westbrook, a restaurant keeper, "for the Gods seemed to amuse themselves by putting the crystalline Shelley in connection with the members of that corporation." In the great moments of Shelley's tragedy, however, he stands mute with a silence that is perfect eloquence. His account of the most painful episode in the history, the accusation by Hoppner to Byron of Shelley's adultery with Claire, is limited to a citing of the letters of Hoppner, of Shelley, of Mary, without comment. Not even the infamy of Byron in suppressing Shelley's and Mary's letters moves him to utter the word which alone describes such conduct. Toward the close of the book this restraint gives to the narrative a dignity which befits the essential nobility of its theme. For M. Maurois recognizes the real quality of Shelley. "It seemed that the idea of his own interest was entirely foreign to him. His personality was not in his eyes, as it is for most men, limited by an exact line, but it was extended by a sort of luminous fringe to that of his friends, to that of strangers. As for the preoccupations and customs of human society, he ignored them." It was this which carried him beyond the ordinary conceptions of good and evil, beyond the comprehension and judgment of his fellows, and gave him the rare and inexplicable quality of the saint.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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A Page of Fiction

The Barb, by William J. McNally. New York: G. P Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

THE time has come, the Walrus said, to expose the Alpha-to-Omega evil in the State Universities; and so in The Barb Mr. McNally turns and rends the fraternities for their exclusiveness and false pride. Through the person of Bob Whitney, educated in Europe and Beethoven, Mr. McNally empties the vials of his very verbal wrath upon the letter societies setting themselves about with sacerdotal privilege so that the great unorganized, the "barbs," may cower in the vile dust from which they don't dare spring.

Bob Whitney is the antagonist of the fraternities, but in exclusiveness they are but pale things shadowed by his grandiose culture. In the classroom he knows more about literature than the professors know, and he proves it just like that without scruple. After a casual supper party he runs through the entire literature of the pianoforte, including the Scandinavian, and not even missing Ravel. He inherits a million. He marries the catch of the campus. He spouts epigrams like a gifted penny whistle. The boy is some kid.

All through his love affairs with Madeleine and Monica and his omniscience and his culture Bob keeps right on accusing the fraternities of snobbery and barbarism. Why doesn't some poor ignorant Phi Delt climb the Olympian heights of Bob's own snobbery and push him down the other side? After all, what does Bob expect? He is outraged because frat boys sing ragtime. Does he want the bucolic helots from Columbia (Mo.) and Bloomington (Ind.) to chant choruses from Götterdämmerung and Feuersnot during the lunch hour?

This child of genius ought to cultivate a sense of proportion. He ought to turn his other polished cheek. He is supposed to glitter as from the sun, and yet the best he can do for Hardy is to call him "darn brilliant," and in general he dispenses the worst vernacular even as you and I from Urbana. And anyhow isn't it almost time for minstrels of college sagas to stop thrusting seductions, brilliance, exquisite faculty wives, solemn young bruins, European culture, and in-the-last-psychoanalysis into stories about state universities? Those of us who have lived six or more years in these places only wish that people did these things. It would be quaint and interesting, but it is not true.

A. D. D.

In the Land of Cotton, by Dorothy Scarborough. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

HERE is an unusual novel, in which the background is more vital than the characters. In it two stories run parallel. One is the dramatic life-history of Cotton, as it is planted, tended, picked and sold, or killed, in Texas; the other the less vivid, but locally realistic account of the loves of Serena Llewellyn, daughter of a cotton planter. It is a book original in theme and treatment, and it reveals in rich detail an important scene in American life, a scene not of Texas alone but of the whole cotton-raising South. The fact that the characters are more southern types than individuals matters little to the reader; Cotton is the compelling personality, the hero of the story—now the victor, now the victim of the villains Boll Weavil and Drought. In the descriptions of the planting, the chopping and the picking of cotton, there is as much excellent prose, as much poetical insight, as one can hope for in a single volume, so much, indeed, that one cares more whether "the little secret seeds, so small, so soft, warm with their covering of downlike lint" blossom into white, and pink, and lavender flowers, into perfect bolls, than whether Rena marries Ben Wilson or Mr. Bob. And this is to say nothing of Miss Scarborough's vital and intelligent grasp of the cotton problem and of her ideas as to its solution.

W. T.

Victoria, by Knut Hamsun, translated by Arthur G. Chater. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.75.

FROM the market point of view it may be well for the publisher to forget that Hamsun's Victoria was written before 1898 and by means of well-known devices to spread out the text into something like the dimensions of a novel; but in justice to the author, the reader should be informed that the book is not new, not representative, and certainly not a novel. It represents Hamsun in the stage when he was still absorbed in the study of his own temperament, and it is without the logic and solidity of characterization which are at least the ideal of the novelist. From the opening paragraphs it proclaims itself as a prose poem on one of the oldest of conventional themes—the love of a low-born poet for a lady. Almost the entire book, with the exception of the five-page letter at the end, is an analysis of the experience of the poet-hero, which to me is neither illuminating nor provocative of emotion. I am not teased into interest by the seeming caprices of Victoria because I know so well from other books how they will be explained; and the three melodramatic devices by which the tragic goal is reached (two of them crammed into ten pages) are unpleasant evidence of defective artistic vision which mars Hamsun's greater work. Victoria should be read, of course, by all who are following the development of Hamsun; but it should be judged in view of its proper position in that development, interesting in so far as it is colored by his personality but of no special significance in itself.

E. R.

The Love Legend, by Woodward Boyd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

THIS book should have been written solely for the author's benefit, to show her the power and weakness of her art. The reader can no more correctly judge her talent than he could judge a play in the second week of rehearsal. The story relates four sisters' reactions to the fairy tale of a Prince Charming and is of sufficient "human interest" to carry the not too critical reader to the end. The unity of the family frame is well maintained, but the sisters, with the exception of the impulsive Sari, are puppets; nor has Miss Boyd as yet sufficient command of language to make her words vivid—one is never, for instance, convinced of Ward's beauty, although constantly assured of it. These faults are the result of the struggle of intelligence, sincerity and a fine gift of observation, with inexperience. The Love Legend will undoubtedly be spoken of as a "novel of promise." But can any book that is not in itself an achievement be a promise of achievement?

E. G.

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Liberalism in the Church

The Religion of Main Street, by Percy Stickney Grant. New York: American Library Service. $1.50.

Christianity and Progress, by Harry Emerson Fosdick. New York: F. H. Revell Company. $1.50.

THE Church is in a heresy-hunting mood. It is at once tragic and diverting and wholesome. It is wholesome. When a man believes in anything—even in the wrong thing,—enough to fight for it, he exalts reality. Bryan at Armageddon battling for his grandfathers commands the respect, albeit the somewhat reluctant respect, of all lovers of fair play.

It is diverting. Here is a denomination which numbers four million adherents, and the "best seller" at its annual convention is a volume, Hell and the High Schools. Go to another national convention and find its leader conferring full freedom on science provided it first affirms belief in the Virgin Birth, the substitutionary atonement and the physical resurrection. It is so diverting that the newspapers of every city and village in America find place for the last word in ecclesiastical controversy.

And tragic. Moral force spends itself in futile quibbling. The moral enthusiasm of the Church is dissipated by much speaking. Energy is wasted on grandfathers which should be focussed on grandsons. Autopsies of dead miracles are substituted for the generation of living miracles. It is tragic. Human society has worked out the old veins. Politically, economically, internationally—they are played out. It is a sick world—and yesterday's deeds of wonder will not save it. Tragic that the Church which claims possession of a new and better way of life should not recognize its hour of privilege.

"Like a mighty army moves the Church of God." We sing it. "We are not divided, all one body we." We shout it. It is not true. I do not speak of denominations. They are but cross sections set by taste and previous condition of servitude. The divisions in the Church are more radical and real. The Church divides into three camps.

First, there are the literalists. They often call themselves Fundamentalists. "Thus saith the Lord" is the root and ground of faith. God hath spoken and we have heard. We have His revelation. No man shall take it from us.

Second, there are the machinists. They differ over many articles of faith. Their great interest is in the perpetuation of organization. They are enthusiasts for figures. They glory in mounting statistics. They revel in machinery.

Third, a group which is not yet coherent or articulate. It emerges in all the denominations. It is marked by the spirit of protest and rebellion. It likes the word "liberal," but recognizes that the word has a presumptuous undertone. It is afraid of old words, but as yet it has not many new. It dislikes literalism, but finds wealth in the same quarries from which literalism digs. It battles with a sense of irritation, but knows full well that irritation is no Gospel. It has the buoyancy of youth, youth's uncertainty as well. It glories in the old, rejoices in the new. It is eclectic. Isaiah is good. Hosea is good. So are Darwin and John Dewey and Tagore.

Liberalism's career has been checkered. It has fought to become articulate—a stiff fight. Harry Fosdick and Percy Grant personify two rounds in that fight. The latest volumes from their pens reveal their kinship—and their variance. They breathe the same air and speak the same tongue. The variance, while it is striking, is illusive.

Grant represents the phase of protest. He is fearfully tantalizing to the saints. He applies a most effective prod. Good rectors all over the country groan. "I do not try to say shocking things," remarks this disturber of the ecclesiastical peace—and then prods again, while the unregenerate sit on the fence, and urge him on. "I do not try to say negative things," but the purveyors of apostolic grace do not seem to agree. He rubs the episcopal fur by remarking that the consecration of churches is a hangover from "the times of witchcraft, magic and taboo." The Rector wouldn't hurt anyone's feelings for the world, but honesty compels him to remark that the Church is decked out with "leftover paganism, unquestioned falsehood, mental laziness, a love of millinery and incense and bowings and scrapings in the name of Jesus." "Yes," adds Dr. Grant, "but the best thing a doctor can do for a patient sometimes is to get a lot of poisons out of his system." He succeeds.

So does Fosdick, but with less pain to the patient. Grant startles many, and convinces some; Fosdick startles some, and convinces many. Both protest, but convince; both proclaim; but Grant accents the protest, while Fosdick accents the prophecy. Grant strikes out boldly against the smug apathy and intolerance of many churchmen; Fosdick moves with greater confidence and convincing power. Grant is a crusader going forth to war; Fosdick seems to have forgotten that there is a war. Fosdick has graduated from the scenes of controversy. He takes for granted that the battle for liberalism is won. His liberalism is constructive and positive.

Both men suffer irritations. Grant's are the greater. He remarks, "Someone is always saying . . . . . 'Whoa! Hold on! Not so fast! Keep quiet.'" Grant falls back upon "Jesus's flaming indignation . . . . aroused by an attitude of mind, which closed to new truth, vehemently affirmed it already possessed all truth." Fosdick moves in a freer field. To be sure he is showered with tracts from the pens of elect Philadelphians grinding over what may or may not have been said in the First Presbyterian Church of New York. Fosdick is an independent Baptist, teaching in a free seminary and preaching in a free church. The Baptists may disapprove of him; the Presbyterians may quote scripture to him; he is free.

The Religion of Main Street is somewhat heated. It accents the mood of protest. Christianity and Progress is calmer and more effective. Both books are valuable. Both are human documents. Grant's book is the cry of a lover of liberty, who sees in the present heresy-hunting mood of the church a peril to its vitality and power. He is sensitive to the appeal of the crowd. He knows their mood, and voices their demand for emancipation, spiritual and intellectual. He demands by what right the Church can command the best manhood of the nation if religion is but sacramentarianism. Plowboys are fit candidates for priesthood in that event. Dress them up, repeat a few phrases over them, send them out. "He need not have an idea in his head, or spend five minutes in serious thought, or know an answer to a social or economic question." Grant is sensitive to the mood of youth. He knows the restlessness and the spiritual eagerness of the new generation. He drives their challenge home: "When your son comes back from college, and you say to him, 'Come to church this morning,' do you want him to reply, 'Father, no; don't ask me to listen to such bunk as that?'"

Fosdick is equally alive to the unrest. He takes it for

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granted. He does not argue the case. "With multitudes of eager minds in our generation, the decision no longer lies between an old and a new theology, but between new theology and no theology." He marvels that the churches cannot shake free and magnify their mission. He glories in the opportunity of the Church, "there could hardly be a more alluring time in which to make the holy spirit real in the world." He is amazed that the churches in the light of the present challenge can be so dull and timid and negative. He wonders that the pulpits should be filled with "so many flutes and so few trumpets."

Christianity and Progress is a creditable syllabus of the new liberalism. It rises above controversy. It is marked by courage and constructive enthusiasm. It has mass. It moves in three dimensions. The author traces the idea of progress as the revealing slant of humanity. He sees humanity surging up and up from out the vast unknown, one commanding harmony to which science and exploration and knowledge contribute their melody. He sees this harmony broken by the discords of regress. Without a sense of spiritual reality our vaunted progress will give way to regress, and the tale of our achievements will appear but a vicious myth. He cries rebuke to the cheap optimist and the easy proclaimer of doom. The lines are not all set. "We believe in change, rely on it, hope for it, rejoice in it, are determined to achieve it and control it." He finds in Jesus the master progressive, "consciously pleading for a progressive movement in the religious life and thinking of his day." He sees in Jesus a protestant against all static religion, and insists "stagnation, not change is Christianity's most deadly enemy . . . . . no doom is more certain than that which awaits whatever is belated, obscurantist and reactionary." But progress must be built on spiritual foundations. No others are strong enough. "Nothing," he insists, "nothing will do but a world view adequate to supply motives for the service it demands. Nothing will do but religion." Facts and figures and inventions are not enough. Progress is built of other stuff. Religion supplements and interprets all other facts. Science and transportation and knowledge are the raw material of progress—but also of regress. They empower the best and the worst. War, with the reinforcements of science, may yet succeed in sweeping us back to the jungle. Unless all is subjected to spiritual control, there can be no progress —only regress.

Here Fosdick finds the mission of the Church. Progress must be viewed in terms of spiritual control. Religion must be interpreted in terms of social enthusiasm. He finds "no standing ground left for a narrowly individualistic Christianity." And he adds, "To talk of redeeming personality while one is careless of the social environments which ruin personality; to talk of building Christ-like character while one is complacent about an economic system that is definitely organized about the idea of selfish profit; to praise Christian ideals while one is blind to the inevitable urgency with which they insist on getting themselves expressed in social programs—all this is vanity."

The Church faces its day of judgment. It will be judged by its attitude toward such men as these. If it is big enough, and tolerant enough, to give place to both Harry Fosdick and William Jennings Bryan, to Percy Grant and —even Billy Sunday, it will win through. The mood of the heresy baiter, be he liberal or conservative, has no rightful place in the Christian Church. All that either—liberal or conservative—has a right to demand is a fair field and no favor. HUBERT C. HERRING.

Man's Evolution

The Evolution and Progress of Mankind, by Professor Hermann Klaatsch; edited and enlarged by Professor Adolf Heilborn; translated by Joseph McCabe. New York: Frederick H. Stokes. $8.50.

AMONG comparative anatomists and physical anthropologists the late Professor Klaatsch held a position far higher than that of the ordinary competent specialist. He was preeminently a man of independence, ardor and originality, not afraid of challenging even Virchow, the pontifex maximus of German biological science, on behalf of evolutionary theory, yet by no means content to follow passively in the wake of the traditional Darwinian school. Coupling with these gifts the impulse and skill of the popularizer, he would seem to be an ideal spokesman of expert knowledge when addressing an exoteric audience.

Nevertheless, it is impossible to contemplate the present volume with more than moderate satisfaction. In the preface his admirer, Professor Heilborn, deprecates the Philistine stricture that his hero had too much imagination. We are quite willing to concede that it is impossible to have too much of that rare quality; but one would like to see it mated with an appreciable measure of judgment, and that is where Klaatsch was sometimes strangely lacking. It was one of his favorite theses that man's closest relatives in the animal kingdom were not the anthropoid apes but far more primitive ancient forms. In the present work this proposition is put forward once more on the basis of the differences between the human and anthropoid extremities and teeth (e. g., p. 105). But no scientist ever asserted that any *living* ape could possibly figure as man's direct ancestor, so that Klaatsch's emphasis—so far as it is justifiable at all—is valuable mainly as checking the slovenliness of cruder writers. On the other hand, Klaatsch neglects to state fairly the overpowering evidence for a relatively close affinity of the higher apes with man, both in the way of morphological resemblance and the similarity of reactions with blood-tests. In other words, the reader obtains a highly subjective picture of human origins, in which contradictory facts are blurred to the point of elimination.

This subjectivism is equally apparent in the treatment of racial relationships. Having spent several years in Australia and come to like the aborigines, the author exhibits amusing partiality on their behalf which is linked with a curious, though not wholly novel alignment of races:

"The Australian aboriginals, the Samoans, and the Cinghalese are certainly closely related to us, but a Zulu or a Herero is not." (p. 107.)

"They are nearer to us than Malays or Mongols are, and they deserve our sympathy, more than Africans do. The term 'Australian black' ought to be avoided." (p. 280.)

This mania goes so far as to lead Klaatsch into an incredibly naïve collation of Indo-Germanic words and their supposed Australian cognates: the fact that Latin cucumba for "cucumber" resembles tuwumba in the speech of New South Wales is made to support the Queensland analogy of jepar to the Greek hepar, "liver," and so forth. (p. 137.)

The naïveté displayed in this philological toying recurs in some of the chapters devoted to social anthropology. Certainly only a pedant would apply the time-worn formula of the cobbler's last when an eminent student in one branch of knowledge turns to a neighboring one. Unfor-

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tunately most of the biologically trained excursionists into the field of culture fail to realize that in order to make any headway in their maiden effort they must provide themselves with proper equipment and acquire some notions of the topography of the regions they are about to tread.

In spite of these qualifications the volume contains, of course, a good deal of worthwhile information and might become a work of some popularity were it not for the preposterous price, which the creditable but not at all unusual externals by no means justify. Why should any reader prefer such a book as this to the far cheaper, more comprehensive, and profusely illustrated treatises of Osborn and Sollas?

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

The New Poetry. Revised and Enlarged Edition. Edited by Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THIS is, as its subtitle indicates, the bulkier version of an anthology originally published to help determine and define the extent of the "new" poetry. The fact that both of its editors were at one time editors of Poetry: A Magazine of Verse and that one of them still functions in that capacity may account for the unusually large amount of merely passable poems from the pages of Miss Monroe's hospitable monthly. If Masefield is represented by a meagre half dozen pieces as against Wallace Stevens' nineteen, one is prepared to excuse the compilers on the high ground of patriotism. But even the most chauvinistic apologist will have trouble explaining the American proportions.

Doubtless, however, it was Miss Monroe (as editor) who decided to use sixteen poems by Alice Corbin Henderson to ten by Edna Millay, while Mrs. Henderson (as editor) evidently concluded that if Edwin Arlington Robinson was to be represented by twelve selections, Harriet Monroe should appear with no less than fourteen. It is a graceful method of anthologizing which, if it does nothing else, illustrates the advantages of collaboration.

L. U.

Contributors

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES is the author of The Economic Consequences of the Peace, A Revision of the Treaty, etc., and is a member of the group which has recently taken over editorial direction of the London Nation.

AMY LOWELL is the author of A Dome of Many Coloured Glass, Sword Blades and Poppy Seed, Six French Poets, Men, Women and Ghosts, Tendencies in Modern American Poetry, Pictures of the Floating World, Fir-Flower Tablets, Poems Translated from the Chinese, etc.

JAMES STEPHENS, Irish poet, is the author of A Crock of Gold, The Charwoman's Daughter, and Songs from the Clay.

CHARLES MERZ was graduated from Yale in 1915, and was subsequently managing editor of Harper's Weekly, and publicity manager for the Progressive Party Convention in 1916. He has been on the editorial staff of The New Republic and later of the New York World.

JOHN MERRIMAN GAUS is a student of public administration, having served on two official investigations in New York and Massachusetts, as well as on the War Labor Policies Board.

FRANCIS MURPHY, the author of Our Street, which appeared in The New Republic last year, has recently been studying the New England telephone strike at first hand.

HUBERT C. HERRING is minister of the United Church, Wichita, Kansas.

ROBERT H. LOWIE is the author of Myths and Traditions of the Crow Indians, and Primitive Society.

Results of The New Republic's Straw Vote for Liberals

The tabulation below presents the results by geographical sections of The New Republic's Straw Vote for Liberals for the current week. No change from last week's reports is shown in the poll except for the increased numbers and this would seem to be a confirming indication that liberalism as far as it can be reflected on this ballot has now expressed its opinions in a fairly definite form.

SECTION	Join the League	Join with reservations	Opposed to League	More favorable than in 1920	Less favorable than in 1920	Favor Third Party	Opposed Third Party	To head Third Ticket: La Follette	Borah	Ford	Hoover	Johnson	Choice of candidate existing parties: McAdoo	La Follette	Ford	Borah	Harding	Smith	Hoover	Favor public ownership: mines	Opposed	Favor public ownership: railroads	Opposed
East: New England; New York; Pennsylvania; New Jersey; Maryland; Delaware; West Virginia	430	357	382	426	550	831	283	283	229	82	27	9	321	135	121	144	75	82	46	963	212	887	289
Mid-West: Ohio; Indiana; Michigan; Illinois; Wisconsin; Iowa; Kansas; Missouri; Oklahoma; Kentucky.	221	217	255	265	330	505	161	215	95	87	13	11	201	123	89	66	44	24	16	577	125	554	151
Northwest: Minnesota; No. Dakota; So. Dakota; Wyoming; Idaho; Montana; Oregon; Washington.	53	59	68	52	91	123	34	50	35	27	2	3	38	36	33	22	7	10	3	145	27	133	35
Southwest: California; New Mexico; Nevada; Arizona; Utah; Colorado.	74	58	112	71	131	187	47	63	36	35	7	5	69	25	47	37	17	12	9	204	46	204	46
South: The Old South; including Arkansas; Tennessee; Texas	50	44	46	52	66	79	46	29	23	17	—	—	47	17	20	15	5	7	3	98	35	96	40
	828	735	863	866	1168	1725	571	640	418	248	49	28	676	336	310	284	148	135	77	1987	445	1874	561

[Note: The total number of ballots counted was 2511. As not everyone replied to all of the questions there is a considerable variation between the number of voters and the number of votes on any given question. Further reports of the straw vote will be found in forthcoming issues of The New Republic.]

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